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THE BABYLON ROAD.

Heaps and ages of years ago, before I
 was really born,
 We both woke up together one day and
 we heard the Hunting Horn.
 You were the Boy who Comes in
 Dreams, and you shouted to me,
 "Come on!
 We're going to hunt the Bad People
 on the road to Babylon."

Up we jumped on our fiery steeds and
 rode for a hundred miles
 Over ditches and dikes and fences,
 hedges and gates and stiles;
 And first we came to the Red River,
 where the Prince was changed to a
 toad,
 And the bridge fell down, but we swam
 it through, and there was the
 Babylon Road.

And on it were ever so many people
 going that very way—
 The White Knight and the Brushwood
 Boy and the Emperor of Cathay,
 All of them riding their fiery steeds,
 for they'd heard the Hunting
 Horn,
 And they said we should catch the
 Bad People before next Mid-
 summer Morn.

But Babylon was a long way off, with
 adventures thick between,
 And we came to the Lodestone Moun-
 tain and the house of the Serpent
 Queen;
 But the Third Calendar met us there,
 and he knew a wonderful charm,
 For he turned his ring and he said The
 Word, and nothing could do us
 harm.

The Djinn came flying to catch us
 then, but the Calendar killed them
 dead,
 And the Brushwood Boy turned round
 and cried, "Look out for the
 Gorgon's Head!"
 And we almost saw it—and that was
fine—but we managed to look
 away,
 And the good ship *Argo* came up in
 time and took us across the Bay.

We were chased by wolves and
 witches, but always we raced them
 done;
 And once we were caught by pirates,
 who were hiding behind the sun,
 But it turned out to be Silver, and he
 gallantly cheered us on,
 Crying, "Send 'em along, my hearties;
 it's a year to Babylon."

And then it was awf'ly fright'ning and
 everything awf'ly queer,
 For we knew, though we couldn't see
 them, that the People were near
 as near;
 And Peter Pan cried, "Now, my lads,
 we must strike for England's
 sake!"
 And then we came to the People; and
 that's where I always wake.

And I think it's perfectly dreadful to
 feel I must wait and wait,
 For that was ages and ages ago, and
 still I am only eight;
 And I want to get back to the Babylon
 Road and hear the Hunting Horn,
 And be in at the death of the Bad
 People before next Midsummer
 Morn.

Hilton Severn.

Chambers's Journal.

AFTER-DAYS.

When the last gun has long withheld
 Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,
 Strong men shall drive the furrow
 straight
 On some remembered battlefield.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud
 And gusty driving of the rains,
 And birds with immemorial voice
 Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be
 Again a flowery paradise—
 Pure with the memory of the dead
 And purer for their sacrifice.

Eric Chilman.

The Poetry Review.

AIR RAIDS AND THE NEW WAR.

Perhaps in all the ages since man became a thinking animal, he has never longed more keenly than at the present time for vision which should pierce the veil that hides the future and see events immediately beyond. But for the most part a darkness thick as the legendary night which covered Egypt, even a darkness which can be felt, hides from us all that which we most wish to know and which a brief lapse of days must reveal. Only here and there exist the data whence human reason can deduce a certain inference, and amongst those few certainties manifest to every seeing eye, stands out the assurance that unless we find effectual means to stop them, the raids by German aeroplanes already accomplished will be dwarfed to insignificance by those speedily to come.

For three reasons at least is this conclusion reached. They are the progress of aviation, German military expediency, and German national impulse. For the raids hitherto effected the Germans must have used, and unquestionably did use, the best machines which they possess, and the best, at any given moment, are always few in comparison with those of the average type. But so swift is now the development of the art of flying, and so great is the power applied to production, that the super-excellent aeroplanes of one day become, so to speak, the half-obsolete of the next. In a brief space of time, multitudes of German machines will be competent to discharge the task which at present a small number only can achieve. Fifteen aeroplanes caused on the 13th of June last 589 casualties in London. Is there anyone prepared to guarantee that before next autumn merges into winter a like feat may not be attempted,

not by fifteen, but by a hundred and fifty winged instruments of death? In that case, unless somehow we can arrest the stroke, we must expect a casualty list multiplied by ten, and damage to public and to private buildings on a similar scale. But is a hundred and fifty the limit within which our conception of the possible numbers of these aerial assailants of London must necessarily be restrained? Who will warrant that assumption? According to our English newspapers it has been stated officially in Paris that the Huns are designing to have a fleet of three thousand five hundred aeroplanes by next March. Allowing for the ceaseless advance in capability which experience shows to be assured in the intervening time, it may be quite conceivably in the power of our foes, if they choose, to send, not a hundred and fifty, but several hundred, or, perhaps a few months later still, a thousand machines to drop bombs on the capital of Britain, and on other English towns.

Would strokes of that dimension be "pinpricks"? Could we, or ought we, to stand the repeated infliction of thirty or forty thousand casualties at a time, with all the devastation which would inevitably accompany it, with "silence and composure"? The very suggestion is an absurdity which illustrates the thoughtlessness of the newspapers and the individuals who have followed this line of argument. Their whole contention is based on the supposition that the blows which the enemy can deal us through the air will always remain so small as to be negligible. The idea evinces a total failure to appreciate the giant growth of aerial power. The belief was, as a matter of fact, knocked to pieces by the advent of the fifteen on the famous

Wednesday—an arrival which may too possibly be paralleled or surpassed by other similar events before this article is published.

For, rightly or wrongly, wisely or foolishly, the inhabitants of London and of other English and also of Scottish towns do not regard the rapidly increasing chances of having their homes, their wives and children blown to bits by bombs from the sky as so many "pinpricks," nor are they in the least inclined to accept these visitations with pious resignation. They are on the contrary animated by a natural desire, as fierce as it is instinctive, that counter-strokes of a like kind, but on a wider scale and with a greater destructiveness, should be dealt at the Hun. This feeling is already of an immense potency. It is gathering strength every day. If further raids be made unchecked, it will very soon be irresistible.

Must we then strip our Front of its best aerial fighters? Must we send our best airmen and our best machines back to England and thereby imperil, if not wholly lose, that supremacy which is vital to the success of our arms? That would indeed be to play the German game. The effect of that policy would be to spare the lives and limbs of tens of thousands of enemy soldiers, at whom our artillery could then no longer aim, at the expense of those of our own men. Doubtless it is the hope of some such result which has prompted the raids already made, and which will prompt those far greater onslaughts to be expected. Thus would that principle of military expediency, referred to as one of the impelling motives in the German mind, be justified in the action taken. Moreover—and this seems a point worthy of a little consideration—so prodigious is the advantage of aerial offense against mere defense that even though we aban-

doned entirely the hope of retaining our command of the air in France, nay, even though we withdrew every machine and every pilot to this country, it would be still most doubtful whether that miserable manœuvre would avail to guard us against the danger impending. London itself might perhaps be safeguarded by such a concentration, but London is not the only city in England. As the radius of aeroplane flying increases, so increases also the exposure of distant points to injury. Few and remote will be the English towns still enjoying immunity within a year from now. If the war lasts two more years (as well it may) their number will be smaller yet.

The cause of this inferiority of the defense to the offense is very clear. The defense knows not where the offense is coming. If the enemy devoted a hundred, or a thousand, machines to the work of destroying us here, and we devoted five hundred, or five thousand, to the duty of meeting their assault, that number would yet be quite inadequate to protect us. For the aeroplane possesses a mobility far exceeding that of any other instrument of war. Fleets of flying machines can scatter as they will—scatter and reconcentrate. What would be the chance of equality at any given place, possessed by our aerial guards, against a large force of aerial enemies, even though the former, if gathered together, would outnumber the latter by ten to one? Lord Haldane himself could hardly anticipate that the enemy would give them exact notice of his intentions.

But, say some of the advocates of dignified composure, "We do not for a moment suggest the withdrawal of any of our airmen from France. What we want is the multiplication of airmen and aeroplanes in England." Yet the fact remains that every

machine which would have gone to France, but (to give us safety here) is kept in Britain, represents a diminution of our chance of winning the war, and a point scored to Germany. And the argument just set forth shows the enormous wastefulness of that policy. No sophistry can obscure the reality that one machine actively employed against the enemy on the Continent is worth more than five machines employed at home.

We have now sought to establish two salient facts. First, that an enormous increase in power to attack through the air is inevitable in the near future, and, secondly, that to propose to frustrate such attack by passive defense would be prodigal folly. It remains to consider the only real defense, namely offense, which we are able to achieve. Here, strange to say, we are confronted at once not by a military, but by a theological obstacle. For the theologians, Anglican Bishops, and Nonconformist ministers, linked, almost for the first time since James the Second's Declaration of Indulgence, in a singular alliance, have come forth as the protectors of the Kaiser and the Hun. Better far, say these gentlemen, that any number (millions, if you will) of English women, children, babies, and non-combatant men should have their bodies torn in pieces by German bombs than to adopt "reprisals" (that is the sinful word) which, though it might save these indeed, would bring a similar fate upon their like in Germany.

Now for the unfortunate introduction into common use of this unhappy term "reprisals," I must plead guilty to a small measure of personal responsibility, seeing that I wrote a series of articles in *The Globe* in the summer of 1915, urging the adoption of counter-measures, so denominated, for Zeppelin raids, and subsequently, in associa-

tion with that journal, organized a crowded meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel. The speeches then made were widely reported and the expression "reprisals," which was prominent in them, has been of frequent occurrence ever since. Would that this word could now (as Mr. H. G. Wells once wrote of a sentence of his own) be folded up and put away in a drawer. It has probably done more to stimulate theological animosity than any other that could have been employed. For my part, I advocate "reprisals" no more. I merely urge the constraining necessity of "counter-raids" on legitimate military objectives. If only this term could be substituted for that, the conscientious objectors would cease from troubling and the Bishops be at rest.

But assuming agreement as to the expediency of counter-raids of this kind, the question immediately arises, "What is a legitimate military objective?" and here it is that we touch the crux of the whole matter. Is a munition factory such an objective? Yes. Then, since bombs cannot be aimed with accuracy, the place in which the factory is situated also becomes a legitimate object of military assault. Perhaps not merely a bishop but even an archbishop might be obliged to admit this. But what is the essential difference between a munition factory and a military clothing factory, or a boot factory, or an army food depot, or any other factory or storehouse where either work vital to the army is carried on or the fruits of such labor are preserved? Or, again, what about railway stations where troops are entrained, or where trucks are filled with army stores? Is every spot of this kind to be held by us sacrosanct, if it stands in any town of which the inhabitants are liable to be hit and even certain to be hit by bombs dropped during an air

raid? Our enemies freely attack every place of this sort. Are we to be restrained by conscientious scruples from similar action on our side? If so, we had better not have gone to war at all. For what is the good of entering into a tremendous contest against a mighty and fully prepared antagonist if you do not mean to do your very utmost to defeat him? And what can be more grotesque than the position of any man, whether theologian or politician, who on the one hand affirms, *urbi et orbi*, that the freedom of mankind, humanity, justice and the future of civilization alike depend on obtaining victory in this strife, and on the other hand declares that we must impose on ourselves an immense and crippling handicap rendering that victory far more difficult and defeat far more possible?

The truth is that the plainness of this issue was obscured at the beginning of the War by the comparatively small part then played by aviation. For, great though the progress of that art had been, it was as nothing to the progress made since, just as this again is certain to be thrown into the shade by that which will be attained should the war be much prolonged. In that event it is now evident that supremacy in the air and the use made of that supremacy will be paramount factors dominating the final result. If we allow ourselves still to be bound, even to the end, by the restrictions hitherto accepted, then not only shall we throw an enormous extra burden of wounds and death upon our fighting men by the neglect of the means which would shorten their grim ordeal, not only shall we leave the Germans great military advantages in the safety of factories, storehouses, stations and so forth, of which advantages we might have easily deprived them, but we shall prodigiously diminish our chance of winning that long-

assured peace which is the goal of our hope and the object of our desire.

Must we then surrender for an insensate scruple, founded entirely on a confusion of thought, the chief aim to attain which we fight? Must we, by failing to crush Germany, doom the world to a speedy repetition of its present agony? Yet all these effects, and more still, shall we risk incurring if we decline to use to the uttermost the giant hands of aerial power.

This vast sacrifice, this prodigious waste, will be due in fact simply to a failure to understand the conditions of the New War. The meaning of that war, the war of the air, and the terrible consequences to a civilian population inevitably proceeding from it, have not yet been grasped by our people, or even by our politicians—not to speak of our divines. But, as soon as the radius of aeroplane action has become a little greater than at present, those implications are likely to be made terribly clear. For the novelty consists in the ability to pour down destruction anywhere, and in the impossibility of giving notice or of accepting surrender. An army which bombards a city has first to reach that city, usually a long and painful process. Then it can, and is expected to, give notice of its contemplated action and, as an alternative to it, to demand rendition. When however these preliminaries have been fulfilled, and when surrender has been refused, then the shells fired from the guns of the besiegers are missiles as deadly as the bombs dropped from aeroplanes. The shells, like the bombs, will kill and maim and tear to pieces the bodies of women and children and non-combatant men. They will blast the homes of the poor: they will destroy great buildings. But it is admitted that there is still this difference: that the population of the city bombarded by guns can, if they choose, at any

moment agree to the surrender which they first declined, and the besieging army can then occupy the town.

Now take the case of a fleet of aeroplanes. Within the constantly widening limits of its fuel capacity, where it will, there it can go. But however terrific the downpour of its bombs, it cannot accept surrender because it cannot take possession. Neither, practically, can it give notice of its intention to bombard. For in giving such notice it might enable an enemy fleet to concentrate to meet it. Therefore we reach this point: that either aerial fleets must not be employed at all to bomb legitimate military objectives, which will very frequently be situated in the midst of towns, or else they must be employed just as the Germans have been using their squadrons against us, and as we ought to be using our squadrons against them. Let us then come to close quarters with the Bishops (*et hoc genus omne*) on this issue. Do they say that bombardment of cities by guns is lawful but bombardment by flying machines unlawful because of the two differences named? And do they maintain that rather than ignore those differences they would prefer to see the Allies defeated, Britain converted into a Belgium or a Serbia, and British women and children massacred by the million? If that is not their contention, at what point precisely do they draw the dividing line?

We have a right to get clear answers to these questions from any man, even an archbishop, who seeks to deter his countrymen from using the only means of warfare likely to save them from coming slaughter from the air. Next year aeroplanes will be counted by the thousand, and the year following by tens of thousands. Their range will by that time be much wider than at present. In any case, and

even though we strike back, the damage which we shall very probably incur will be far greater than any which we have suffered yet. But unless we ourselves resort to like methods against the Hun; unless we, so to speak, smother his assaults by our own; unless we force him to give his chief attention to preserving his own cities from destruction, many of our towns in England will be heaps of shattered ruins and a large part of our home population will be dead before this world-strife wears to an end.

If the foregoing argument is allowed to possess force, it will be seen that at least one unavoidable deduction emerges. It is an unpopular deduction. It is one running counter to the most natural tide of popular feeling. But we cannot shirk it, and we had better face it. This deduction is that the German air raids, unlike other acts of theirs by land and sea, are perfectly legitimate features of the new warfare. Take the case of London. Could there be a place more calculated to attract aerial attack? It is a port, with dockyards and with ships. It bristles with munition factories. It contains a great arsenal. It holds buildings which are the seat of empire. How could we reasonably expect any enemy who uses the air to refrain from operating against it? And what is true of London is true also, more or less, of very many other towns in this country.

Of course aerial operations against these places involve the destruction of many non-combatants of all ages and of both sexes. That cannot be helped. That effect is and will continue henceforth to be the distinguishing characteristic of the New War. This is precisely what we have to learn and have not learned yet, namely, that from this time forth the civilian population of every country, men,

and women, and children, and infants in arms, must all share, almost equally with the actual fighters, in the perils of conflict. The fact is very horrible. It is new. It was by most people unforeseen. But it is there, staring us in the face, and it will become plainer every day.

If any individuals doubt this conclusion, or think that this inevitable result of war in the air could be, in future contests, averted by a pact of nations, a little reflection will show them that they deceive themselves. For when air power has become the supreme decider of war, mankind must use it or else war becomes a farce. But war will not be a farce while human nature contains elements of tragedy. On the contrary, war in our time has grown to be for each people the sum of its national life matched against a like effort on the other side. The fate of future generations hangs in the balance. Between opponents nearly equal a little weight will incline that balance. How, then, can any warring people forego the use of what, in years but just removed from this, will be the mightiest weapon which it wields? A nation, we will suppose, has it in its power to blast with death and ruin the cities of its foes, in all of which work for its destruction is being carried on. If it exert that power it will win, and so grow to greater destinies down the paths of time. And if it employ not that power, then it must lose—lose all for which it has fought, lose its national existence, and lose the future of its sons. Is it really conceivable that a country in such a position could be withheld from the exercise of its chief resource?

Or is it thought that some future league of nations, at a period when the air is becoming the common medium of communication amongst mankind, is solemnly to renounce the

use of the air altogether for purposes of war? As well tell us to fight only with bows and arrows, or to abandon steam and motor engines, or to cross the ocean in canoes.

It is perhaps permissible to recall that the immense changes to be wrought by aviation, and other consequences following from them, were foretold by the present writer in articles published in this Review prior to the war. Thus in one which appeared in May, 1913, I wrote of the non-combatant British public "Their old immunity from personal peril is forever gone. . . . There will not be in all England, and perhaps in all Scotland and Wales, one dweller in a town of any size upon whose roof the levin bolt of death may not descend while he sleeps. . . . And he will know too that to this appalling menace of imminent destruction are exposed, equally with himself, his women folk and his little children. For when death rains down from above, in the nature of things there can be no discrimination. To the strong man, or to the weak woman, or to the little child, the risk will be the same."

As mankind travels towards the strange vistas of the future now opening to its view, it would do well to attain to coherent thought concerning its new perils and its new duties. Of all Christian bodies, so far, the Roman Church alone seems to have a definite voice with which to speak on these matters, as it has, for instance, spoken in the recent noble pronouncement, made at the risk of his life, by Cardinal Mercier. The Vatican itself, however, remains helpless and mute.

One more reflection remains to be uttered. Will civilization survive, can it survive, the new forces of destruction which the progress of science is letting loose? Almost is one tempted to believe that, before this

century ends, the garnered fruits of some change shall have been wrought ages of advance will have been brought in the nature or in the beliefs of to ruin, unless in the intervening time man.
The Nineteenth Century and After. *H. F. Wyatt.*

PAX MUNDI.

The Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control have issued a document containing suggestions for terms of a Peace settlement. This document has been sent to me in France. It is a mistake to ignore the influence of this Committee, because their ideas are those of a large number of persons in Russia and the United States, in France and in Germany. "The democracies of all belligerent countries are beginning to work towards a peace based on the same general principles" is a statement that the Committee supports by passages from declarations by the Russian Government, by Lord Robert Cecil, by President Wilson, and the German Chancellor. With such authorities to back them, the views of the Committee of the Union of Democratic Control cannot be put aside as negligible.

The "Suggestions" are classified under three headings:

- (1) Questions of nationality and territory.
- (2) Guarantees.
- (3) Reparation.

They start off by demanding a complete acceptance of a policy of "no annexations," and they repudiate all claims based on conquest, imperialistic ambition, or strategic considerations, when it comes to any "rearrangement of territorial boundaries." The Committee, having enunciated these principles, proceed to make detailed suggestions that do not square with their premises. Obviously the complete re-establishment of the independence and integrity of Belgium,

together with its "economic restoration," the evacuation of Northern France, the restoration to independent life of Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania, are not inconsistent with the views expressed in the leaflet I have before me.

But when they proceed to discuss the question of Alsace and Lorraine, of the Trentino, of Poland, of the "component populations" of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, of the Polish claim on Danzig, of Bulgaria's claim on Macedonia, of Roumania's claim on Transylvania, the future status of Persia, the "freedom for races" under the suzerainty of the Sultan, the status of the German colonies—then the policy of "no annexations," the repudiation of "claims based on conquest," imperialistic ambition, and strategic considerations presents obstacles to the acceptance of projects upon which the "democracies" of Europe have laid much stress.

What, for example, prompts France to desire the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, or Italy to desire the Trentino? What other than "strategic considerations" suggests the neutralization or internationalization of Constantinople and the Straits? Whether the "strategy" appeals as a military necessity to one Power or several Powers is a mere detail. What is meant by "securing freedom" to component populations within the Empire of Austria-Hungary as well as to the Finns in Russia and the Irish in Britain? If the Finns desire to set up an independent Finnish

State, and if the Irish desire to join the United States of America, would any exercise of restraint by Russia or England constitute a breach of the principle of abjuring "imperialistic ambition or strategic considerations" to which the Committee attaches such force?

In these and in other cases when the views of a population are subject to dispute, the question, say the Committee, should be decided by a plebiscite or otherwise, under the supervision of an impartial International Commission. This apparently is the panacea for evils said to be prevalent in Ireland, and Egypt, and India, as well as for the aspirations of Finland and Alsace-Lorraine. I have referred to the premises thus arbitrarily laid down as principles. In fact, they are not principles at all. Upon examination they are found to be a body of private opinions based on prejudice and assumption, no better and no worse than "imperialistic ambition" or "strategic considerations."

In order to arrive at a sane judgment upon such a question as nationality, involving the right or claim of the inhabitants of certain areas of the earth's surface to settle by a vote whether they shall "belong" to this community or that, or whether they shall be "free and independent," it is worth while to examine the ancient laws governing the evolution of some particular race or community, the historic advent and growth of some particular nation, as well as the necessities, hopes, and fears of other peoples ranged today under groupings that they may not desire to disturb.

Wars, extending back through centuries, statecraft, and perhaps economic considerations, have led to the arbitrary drawing upon a map, or upon the earth's surface, of a line of

demarcation beyond which tracts of mountain and plain go by a certain name and are allotted to a certain State. According to the views of the Union of Democratic Control, a man who happens to reside on one side of that line possesses a high moral claim to take decisions irrespective of the moral claim of the man, his neighbor, who lives on the other side of the line. Why? It is his sovereign right. Why? But if his claim is examined historically or ethnologically, it is found to be based upon "conquest" or strategy, or race or language, or more often still upon some catchword, such as liberty or equality.

The advocates of a plebiscite have not grappled with the basic problem of national and State rights. When they assert that a "frank recognition in the interests of lasting peace" requires the acceptance of the right of Germany to organize and develop oversea dependencies, they abandon their ground and stultify their argument. If they eschew subterfuge and concealment, they should repudiate the right of any Power to organize and develop oversea dependencies: they should not only "neutralize under an international guarantee" a great zone of tropical Africa, and the "great trading waterways of the world," but all Africa, Asia, America, and Europe, as well as the waters that wash their shores. That would be the logical consequence of the policy of plebiscite. Why, for example, neutralize "a great zone of tropical Africa" only? Why not "a great zone" of arid Asia or Mexico? Why should an island off the western coast of Britain or a petty "province" of the Vosges be able to decide by "plebiscite or otherwise" its status in the world, and why should this popular right be denied to an island in the Mediterranean or a province of Northern Africa?

"Poland," according to the view of these publicists, "should be free and independent." The population of Austrian Poland, of Prussian Poland, and of Russian Poland are to "decide whether they wish to become part of Poland." What is "Poland" and how in the case of the Poles separate "the population" from "Poland"? By shirking all these questions, by avoiding all reference to India, to Egypt, to the "conquests" and "strategic considerations" that impel us to hold these "dependencies" and others such as Gibraltar, Aden, Shanghai, and so on, these writers are guilty of that "secret diplomacy" against which they fulminate, and which they declare to be fatal to permanent peace.

It is contended that the hopes of the world, the guarantees for future peace, are to be sought in a League of Nations, in the open door, in open diplomacy, in disarmament, and in the freedom of the seas. These are fine phrases, but their validity is not very evident when they come to be subjected to scrutiny.

In principle every great and small Power has accepted or is prepared to accept President Wilson's proposal for a League of Peace. But no responsible person or body of persons has yet discovered a sanction, without which a League of Nations remains merely a formula. When it is argued that Governments are able to persuade their people to rely for national security upon preponderant military power, it must not be forgotten that Governments in democratic States are the agents of public opinion.

Action does not really emanate from Governments, but from the Press and the People and the Platform. Without the active or passive support of these forces a democratic Government is powerless. To speak as though militarism, if by that word

is meant strong and ready national forces, were a psychic error emanating from "Governments" is a ridiculous travesty of fact. Whatever may be the case in Germany, there can be little doubt that in democratic countries it is public opinion that forces Governments to keep their armaments up to strength. In Germany the action and reaction of military and professorial opinion upon each other is an interesting study, leading to the conclusion that the Kaiser is but an instrument in the hands of the German nations, and the argument is not disposed of by the *obiter dicta* of any controversialists in England or France.

Before persuading a live and homogeneous people that national disputes can be safely submitted to arbitration or international councils, it becomes essential to show how a sanction is to be provided and enforced for the decrees of such a body. Hitherto this sanction has not been found. No one is more keenly aware of the weakness inherent in unarmed democracies than President Wilson. His Mexican experiences demonstrated the fact, and the relations of America with Japan illustrate the thesis.

To submit disputes of nations to an international council is no solution unless means are provided to enforce its decrees. This question, so vital to the schemes floating in the minds of some illustrious persons, has been hitherto shirked. Until it is solved there can be no disarmament worth talking about, and no reduction in the huge forces, on land and sea, that will be found "in being" after the war. When America has raised, trained, and used a vast army for the purpose of "saving democracy," it is impossible to feel assured that other causes equally dear to the American heart may not have hereafter to be "saved" by force of arms.

The "right to equal opportunity for economic expansion" may be defined in very different ways. "Access to raw material" and its division between manufacturers anxious to compete for the trade of the world are propositions varying in application, and involving conflicting interests difficult of adjustment. "Equality of commercial opportunity" may not only be found hard to define, but impossible to establish. It may prove to be as complicated a process to avoid "commercial exclusiveness" as it is to equalize intellectual gifts. Whether men and women intoxicated by democratic theories of equality will be satisfied with economic opportunity only is a doubtful speculation.

The good faith of President Wilson cannot be questioned, but so able a statesman cannot fail to perceive that doctrine based on noble aspirations and the broadest humanitarianism has to be modified in accordance with hard facts. Popular sentiment, as in the case of Alsace and Lorraine, is one of the hardest of facts. There was a moment when President Wilson appeared inclined to adopt unadulterated the Russian socialist dogma of "no annexations and no indemnities." Since that moment, in presence of a situation that statesmanship cannot ignore, he has modified the stringency of these controversial phrases, and has indicated exceptions demanded by an order of ideas, impulsive rather than rational, but which possess a dynamic force likely to prove irresistible by the negotiators of peace.

What precisely is meant by the exclusion of indemnities and the acceptance of reparation is not very clear. When it is said that Belgium is entitled to special relief from Germany owing to the circumstances under which she was forced into the

war, the statement implies a denial of the contentions elaborated by President Wilson, by M. Briand, by Mr. Asquith, and by Mr. Lloyd George throughout their public utterances since the war began. It is insufficient to lay down a principle of negation that excludes the possibility of making Germany pay the expenses of a war that, according to the leaders of public opinion belonging to every belligerent Power among the Allies, Germany began. The idea of a common fund provided by all the belligerent nations to assist the recovery of those portions of the earth's surface devastated by the war cannot be interpreted otherwise than as an admission of complicity in the outbreak of the war itself.

A fund partly provided by the French taxpayers to assist the recovery of Northern France is not an alluring form of amends to a people whose soil has been drenched with blood, whose villages are flattened ruins, whose small holdings have been torn into fragments by shell, whose sacred and historic monuments have been destroyed. The French people did not begin the war. Their politicians knew nothing of its coming. Even their Press did not foment a spirit of greed, passion, or revenge in the months previous to its outbreak. It is true that by treaties for common defense the French nation was bound to Russia, just as Great Britain was bound to France by engagements that she could not break without dishonor.

If Belgium and Northern France, setting aside all other areas of destruction, are to pay a share of the loss inflicted by the German armies upon their population, such a decision could only be defended on the ground that the guilt of the war's origin is distributed between Russia and the Central Powers. France and England would then be mulcted in damages

for having entered into imprudent engagements, and for not having had the Teutonic shrewdness to treat them as "scraps of paper."

War is apt to breed questions that were not in dispute at its outbreak. Four years ago disputes over the boundaries of France in the East and the future of the Balkan States were well-known diplomatic problems. But the conquest of German colonies by armies sent from British Dominions was quite unforeseen: the disruption of Turkey in Asia was a proposition unknown to the Chancelleries of Europe; and the entrance of America into a European war would have been scoffed at on both sides of the Atlantic as the idlest of dreams. When making suggestions for terms of a Peace settlement, it is impossible to exclude, by a simple negative, facts of so momentous a character. To base the constructive edifice of a world's peace upon a League of Nations would be to select a foundation insecure from the start. To me it appears an inversion of the Holy Alliance, bound to dissolve, like its predecessors, into dust. It may be argued, with some force, that the Holy Alliance was a League of Potentates and Politicians; and that a League of Nations would be bound by the strong links of democratic and socialist principles. Is this likely to be the case? The nations of Europe are not in reality democratic or socialistic at all. Their peoples are in some cases inanimate and in others inarticulate. Years will have to elapse before the millions of Russia find a voice, or those of Germany a soul. You cannot, by the volition of a small group of enthusiasts, endow the Russian peasant with a mental grasp of the complications of world-policy, or a German disciplined in the school of Treitschke with the conceptions of liberty and equality.

Before President Wilson's vision of a League of Nations we may bow with respect. But nevertheless it remains a vision. The laws of political as of military strategy are immutable. This is no war against war. Four hundred years ago (in 1517), the signal was given by Luther, and Europe, dominated hitherto by religious unity, began tentatively to seek for that balance of power which her soldiers established, after thirty years of struggle, by the Peace of Westphalia, and which her statesmen have endeavored ever since to maintain. Francis I, allied with Suliman, defeated the ambitions of Charles V to dominate the Christian world. England under William of Orange became the principal foe of French world-policy, as expounded by Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. When England, in her turn, rising upon the ruined maritime power of France and Spain, became the arbitress of Europe, Lafayette fostered the unforeseen rebellion that for a time broke her power. A century ago, England, facing the Napoleonic menace, once more saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example.

President Wilson, like the brave Pius II, may not see clearly the reasons for his interference in this struggle for the domination of Europe. He has, however, fulfilled the prophecy of Canning in a manner little dreamed of by its author. The intervention of the New World redresses at a stroke the balance of the Old. The war originating, on the side of the Allies, from the historic and hereditary basis of European equilibrium, has become the first of a mighty series of struggles to maintain the equilibrium of the world. The entrance of the Western Hemisphere into world-politics is a good augury for the days when the Aryan races may find themselves arrayed in a death struggle against

forces alien in blood and tradition and civilization. In time some populations of Asia and of Africa may become a menace to the balance of world-power. History proclaims it and science ensures the inevitable battle. President Wilson has realized the interests of Europe are the interests of the world, just as the smallest neutral State in Europe has realized that its interests are those for which the Allies are fighting.

Militarism and pacifism are mere phrases, the stock-in-trade of professional politicians. They have no basis in history or in fact. The balance of power possesses both these attributes. Men have fought for it since the end of the fifteenth century; they are fighting for it still. That democracies are more pacific than monarchies is an illusion. It is, in any case, an unproved dogma. To base peace upon goodwill—that is to say, upon a League of Nations—is to undermine its durability. Political equilibrium based upon objective facts is the surest guarantee of a stable peace.

For Europe and for the world the naval predominance of England has been an unmixed good. England is the only European Power free from Continental ambitions. Her interests in Europe have always been and are still identical with those of the weakest Powers. The economic life of small nations is unthreatened by England—economic life that depends upon the dominion of the seas. This dominion in the hands of a Power aiming at Continental supremacy would reduce the small States of Europe to vassalage. Checked, as it always must be, by the United States, the sea dominion of England is the greatest security Europe can find for the free expansion of the commercial activities of smaller nations. It is true that the comfort and prosperity of many of these peoples depend upon

access to the open seas, upon free waterways up estuaries, rivers, straits, and canals, open windows to the fresh air of the world's commerce. To free these waterways is an objective policy worthy of statesmen: to secure their freedom by readjustments of territorial jurisdiction is high statesmanship. To combat and destroy all chances of a *Mittel-Europa* combine is to free us all from a grave danger to liberty—the negation of international economic freedom.

To re-establish a small State that the war has destroyed, to give back to France provinces that restore her economic health, to divide fairly between the civilized Powers of Europe the guardianship of the black continents, and to endeavor to erect barriers in the Near East against the territorial ambitions of undeveloped peoples are objective guarantees that the belligerent nations will be forced to take for future peace.

The activities of the Congress of Vienna had a double intention. One was to restore and maintain the balance of power. The other was, by a Holy Alliance, to subvert the revolutionary principles of 1793 that by 1815 had established a moral hold upon Europe. The latter precedent is not encouraging. An attempt to graft our democratic *Kultur* upon a nation saturated with the doctrine of force offers poor chances of success. The process is bound to be slow, even if it succeeds. A lucid people, like the French, will prefer practical guarantees, such as a rectification of their exposed frontier, a return to France of the mineral regions of Lorraine, and the even greater security of a debt, based on the losses caused by the war. Who can blame them? Were Germany to prove victorious, there can be little doubt as to the terms she would obtain from the peoples she has attacked, the provinces

she has captured, and the nations whom she would have vanquished.

The world moves forward to the rhythm of ideas. But its progress is slow, and no man can force the pace with advantage. When Peace comes, the leaders of those nations that have exalted the doctrine of national freedom and have bled for it are bound

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to listen to the ideals set before them by the noblest spirits. But they will be false to their duty and to the memory of their dead if they shrink from inflicting punishment upon those who have violated their engagements to humanity, or from taking material guarantees for the safety of the peoples whose trustees they are.

Esher.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER IV.

Rosa's idea of gaiety was wholly British. It meant flags and festoons of ivy, vigorous action, ham sandwiches, lemonade and ginger beer.

She had organized her subscription dance on these lines. The profits, if there were any, were dedicated to a local charity. But the main object of the dance was concerted enjoyment and vigorous exercise.

Rosa, in the radiance of her new happiness, was wistfully anxious to endow the whole human race with the crumbs from her table. Love is the most elastic of all emotions, for it can cover the whole world. When conscience aids love, who can tell what mines will be fired? But the conscientious are at times the most rash of humanity. If love go blindfold, so, seemingly, does conscience.

Rosa in her new white dress was early on the scene of action, a local drill hall. The walls, under her supervision, had been decked with ivy, flags and bunting. The floor, under the sliding feet of a multitude of Browns, had been rendered suitable for dancing.

"I hope," said Rosa, "people won't be rowdy. You can be jolly without being rowdy, and of course we'll end up with Sir Roger." She turned to her lover, who was holding out a program. Her face was glorified for a second.

"No, Jack, I won't dance with you till I see that all the girls have partners enough. Thank goodness, we're not fashionable people who won't introduce each other. Everyone must have a good time because—because I'm so happy."

Their eyes met rapturously.

"Jack . . . I want to be nice to your Cousin Lucilla," Rosa murmured; "I was mean about her to Laurence. It's on my conscience, so I'll introduce Laurence to her."

Jack turned.

"Here is Lucilla," he said, "with Theo." Theo Brown advanced cautiously over the slippery floor. She was a large good-natured girl, in a blue silk dress. She had made it herself. Perhaps the skirt dipped just a little, and the back and the waist were a trifle tight. A lace fichu covered her neck and shoulders, leaving only a small V at the base of her throat. She wore pearl beads, and there was a marked red line where her linen collar usually covered her throat. Behind her came Lucilla Warwick Brown. She was of medium height and very slim. Her dress, which was of the latest fashion, instantly made Rosa feel on the defensive. There are many women who have an instinctive fear of fashion. In the Brown and Travis circle, fashions had to be approved for three

or four seasons before anyone trusted herself to copy them in modified form.

Rosa thought the dress too low, the arms too bare, the skirt too narrow. It seemed affectation too that Lucilla wore no ornament round her neck, which was extraordinarily white. All the other girls showed off their pendants or any little piece of family jewelry that the occasion demanded. Lucilla had no ornaments but a diamond brooch and diamond earrings.

Then the girl was powdered, and her eyebrows, delicate and well marked by nature, were penciled by art. Her lips were reddened.

"How vulgar!" thought Rosa. And the scent . . . again Rosa felt an innate repulsion that seemed to rise from some unsounded depth of her soul. The scent suggested some spiritual ugliness that she could not analyze. These thoughts lasted for a second while Lucilla crossed the room. Then conscience arose and vanquished instinct.

"Welcome, Lucilla," Rosa said with careful cordiality; "I want to introduce my brother Laurence to you. Here—Laurence."

Rosa went to meet him.

"You'd better have two or three dances with Lucilla Warwick Brown," she whispered, "she won't know many people here, so get her some partners."

Laurence nodded.

"All right, old girl."

He really had a great respect for Rosa. After the introduction he gave a hasty glance at Lucilla. She met his eyes frankly. Her own were beautiful, and she never feared to have them examined. They were almond-shaped and of a green hazel. Her hair was dark and so curly that as a child it had been a frizzy mass round her face.

"She has foreign blood," thought Laurence; "is she pretty or is she not? Except for her eyes——"

His thoughts broke off uncertainly. He had scribbled his initials beside a waltz and a square dance.

"May I introduce some friends of mine?" he asked; "there are two men from our office here." He turned away, Lucilla's eyes followed him. The dominant emotion in her mind at this moment was a keen curiosity. She arrived at her conclusions very quickly. Her impression of Laurence was that he seemed insignificant but gentlemanly. His voice was attractive, and his hands, bare at the moment, were well shaped.

All her partners she subjected to the same scrutiny of curiosity. She was in an alien world and it interested her. She said so later to Laurence, as he piloted her round the room.

Laurence did not dance well. He excelled in no game or physical exercise. That muff-like quality, bred in him by physical delicacy and diffidence, clung to him still. He was keenly aware of his disadvantage, the greatest in the eyes of an Englishman, and in dancing he was nervously apologetic. He steered badly, he feared. He did. He let his partner collide violently with another couple.

"One of our men" was the sufferer, and he grew indignant.

"Travis, you fat ass!" he exclaimed genially.

"I'm awfully sorry," Laurence pleaded to Lucilla; "I am shocking at this sort of thing. Wouldn't you rather have some one else?"

"No, no. But let's go and rest somewhere. Up in that gallery? Yes, it'll be nicer than dancing, the room is so full, and we can talk."

Lucilla put her hand on his arm, and they slipped out at the open door and up the steps and into the gallery. The girl stood there, her hands on the balustrade.

"How English!" she exclaimed.

Laurence smiled.

"Is that disparaging?" he asked.

She turned and looked at him.

"No—o, but it is all of a piece, the drill hall, the ivy, the bunting, the jolly way they dance and talk and laugh, the way they eat and drink, the way they sit out obviously on the staircase. I'm sure they'd love to sing 'Hearts of Oak,' that is how they enjoy themselves."

"They?" asked Laurence; "you don't say *we*, Miss Brown? Have you cut yourself off from your own people?"

Lucilla nodded.

"For a time we left Westhampton," she said frankly. "Mother and dad made it a little hot for them, didn't they? Oh! don't mind, I know that you know . . . it's all a matter of history, the divorce and so on. Well, you see it was convenient to travel. We were in Jamaica a great deal; mother's people lived in Jamaica. They were Creoles . . . of course."

Laurence's glance had not rested on her hair, but the girl seemed suddenly on the defensive. "Some people out there are obviously splashed with the tar brush," she said lightly. "I think one is always suspected if one mentions the West Indies, and if one has dreadfully curly hair like mine. Mother is quite fair you know, I'm dark like dad and Uncle Vere. I'm quite a Brown in that respect."

Laurence's pity for the girl affected his attitude to her profoundly. He was a man who could never pass a stray dog without noticing and befriending it. It seemed to him that Lucilla had learned by bitter necessity the art of self-defense. Would she not always have to fight the prejudice against her birth and parentage? He longed to meet her with sympathy, to make her understand without saying it, that she was to him as another Andromeda, chained to the wall of heredity, and threatened by the monster Circumstance. But how can Perseus be

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detected in a fair insignificant young man, who cannot dance properly, nor excel in any manly exercise?

"So," he asked lamely, "you miss Jamaica?"

"Yes, I miss the sunshine. Then I have been at school in Belgium and in Paris, so you see I have absorbed more foreign influence than English."

"You were at the High School here for a term or so, weren't you?" he asked lightly.

Lucilla's eyes met his again. Then she smiled.

"Yes, I was at school with Rosa. Hasn't she told you what a little sneak I was? Oh! yes, I'm sure she has. I was always so frightened of the mistresses. I did crib my answers from another girl . . . and then I said I hadn't. Rosa knew I had. She told me so afterwards. She has hated me ever since."

"Oh! nonsense," Laurence exclaimed flushing up to his hair because he knew she spoke truly.

"Yes, Mr. Travis, she has. Why is she being so nice to me tonight?"

Laurence looked into the pretty eyes again. "Because, if there is a reason, because she wants you to see that anything—any sort of schoolgirl squabble is forgotten entirely. Heavens! one's not responsible for one's childhood, it's like a past life. I'm sure I was an awful sneak . . . I was such a funk."

Lucilla's frankness was disarming.

"You see," she said, "I've never learned anything but sneaking . . . expediency some people call it. To do what you want and then to conceal it . . . I have always done that. Why not? I used to take mother's scent and fill up the bottle with water. No one ever taught me anything except that it's a great mistake to get found out."

Lucilla opened her fan. Then she looked up quickly and surprised compassion in his eyes.

"You poor child!" he said very softly.

"Ah!" she said, "you're a man, so you pity me. To a woman I'm just a sneak. Women are so pitiless."

Laurence took her fan from her, hardly knowing what he did, but his hand touched hers, and he was keenly conscious of it. He was aware of her outward presence in a way that he had never been with Hermione, though he believed that he loved Hermione. But there was in Lucilla something that he described to himself as intensely feminine. He was attracted to Hermione by common interests, instincts and tastes; his attraction to Lucilla was the eternal difference between man and woman.

"Women are not pitiless," he answered; "mothers are not. You don't know *my* mother. When we were children she was our moral code. I don't think she ever punished us. It was just so dreadful to hurt or disappoint mother. And you see there was no peace if one had done a bad thing and not confessed it to her. The comfort was that she never loved one a bit the less for being bad, and one just *had* to tell her."

Lucilla looked at the young man curiously. "What a lot you think of her," she said.

"I do. There's no one like the mater . . . and never will be."

"I'm a little bit sorry for your wife," she answered with a laugh.

"Why do you pity that hypothetical lady?"

"Because she'll have such a rival . . . and such a fearfully high standard."

"Oh! but one's wife is quite a different matter. I shouldn't want my wife to mother me."

"Wouldn't you?"

"No. It would be for me to take care of her, to try and give her a good time, to be her companion if she'd let me."

Lucilla's curiosity was obvious in her long shining eyes.

"How odd you are," she said lightly; "you talk like old books. You must be so different from the people I know. I think you're all different. I never could understand your sister Rosa. I was afraid of her. And you . . . you are different. The men I know don't talk like you."

"Don't they? I daresay they're more amusing."

Lucilla considered him gravely.

"Yes . . . and no. One must always be on the alert with them. It is like playing a fish. It is a game, they understand it. But you . . . oh! I can't explain it. There! the music is beginning."

He would have lingered, but she rose quickly.

"Don't let us miss it," she said; "my partner is that Mr. Jeffers from your office. I wonder if he dances well."

She ran down the stairs before him, and met her partner in the corridor. He was a powerfully built man, who languished in the office of his uncle, while he longed for the prairie and for what he called "a man's life."

Laurence consulted his program. He found "pink dress, fair hair," written there, and sought out a shy maiden of nineteen summers, whose name he did not know. He guided her dutifully round and round the room while she asked spasmodic questions, "Isn't it a nice floor?" "Have you been to many dances?" "Do you play Badminton?" At last when she gasped and turned a rosier pink he led her to a corner. When he had supplied her with a vanilla ice and pink wafer biscuit, he gave himself up to observation, intermingled with disjointed remarks.

He was looking out for that old rose gown that was so much more effective than his companion's China rose pink.

He saw it coming and watched eagerly. Lucilla's face was entranced with pleasure, with the physical ecstasy of the waltz. Her partner danced perfectly. They were silent, their faces a little flushed, their eyes bright.

"I wonder," said the voice of his partner, "who the girl in bright pink is, do you know?"

"Miss Warwick Brown."

"Oh!"

Laurence felt indignant. He fancied that the exclamation condemned a soul in one word. He relapsed into silence, fascinated by the passage of the pink gown. It continued to revolve in that swaying entranced motion till the music ceased. Then it disappeared. It occurred to Laurence that he had always detested Jeffers, "a great hulk of a man."

His partner had begun to talk to a girl friend on her other side, and he, finding Hermione near him, rose to offer her his seat, but she stood beside him drinking lemonade with cheerful enjoyment. It struck him that Hermione was very boyish. For a moment she had a curious effect on him. It was that slight mental shock which a spectator feels when he comes from a matinee at the theatre into the cold sane light of the afternoon world.

"We ought to have put more sugar in the lemonade, Laurie," she said.

"Sour is it? I say, Hermione!"

"Well, my son?"

"Be kind to the little Warwick Brown girl if you have a chance."

Hermione looked at him with frank blue eyes that held no suspicion.

"Very well, now and forever—if she wants it. But she seems to be having a good time, Laurence."

"Yes, but I can't forget that everything is against her, and she does so *want* to have a good time."

Hermione nodded.

"That generally leads to trouble,"

she said; "my old nurse used to say 'laugh first, cry after.' But I know what you mean. She looks foreign-looking. That implies an extra capacity for enjoyment I suppose. Don't forget you're having Sir Roger with me."

Hermione turned away.

To Laurence the next event of the evening was the square dance that he did not dance, but sat out. Lucilla disliked square dances. They had a rowdy jollity that repelled her.

This time she did not talk of personal matters, but told him of places and of people she had known abroad. It was no Baedeker conversation, but a revelation of life seen by a certain temperament. The girl saw things in terms of color, light and gaiety. Her impressions were entirely sensuous. He smiled to find that she had not noticed great cathedrals, except for some procession seen there and the nice smell of incense and the music that reminded one of grand opera. Or she had seen a man's face that she admired or a beautiful dress that served to fix the cathedral or the church in her memory.

"How you must hate West-hampton," he said at last.

"I do, it is *triste, triste, triste*. Oh! the never-ending church bells on Sunday and the dowdy clothes and the solemn faces; I know they condemn me, but I pity them. They don't know how to live, these women here. They have no sunshine in their blood. I'd rather have the niggers dancing in the hot Jamaican nights. They know how to *feel* alive."

Laurence was amused by her vehemence. But she broke off and asked him a question abruptly.

"Who is the big fair girl in white who has danced with you so often?"

"Hermione Foster. She's a friend of ours, a great friend of mother's. Her

people live a station away from Westhampton, Great Crawley."

"She is beautiful. Did you know it?"

"Yes, I suppose she is. Mother always says so."

Lucilla laughed.

"What a mother's boy you are! Yes, she is beautiful. She would have splendid sons. She ought to be a queen. But she is very northern in type. Is she rich—she's well dressed."

"Yes, they're very rich. Hermione rides a good deal; she's great at games too and Swiss sports. She's half a boy."

"So you're not in love with her?"

Laurence's eyes grew cold and aloof. He was repelled by the lack of taste in the question. Lucilla, quick to every impression, made haste to repair her fault.

"That's not a serious question," she said; "I should think many people would love a beautiful girl like that. But one supposes that the half-boy character must make for friendship. How kind she looks; I'd like to know her."

Laurence was softened.

"You shall," he said.

At the end of the dance Hermione

came to Lucilla with outstretched hand.

"I'm Hermione Foster," she said, "and I know you're Lucilla Warwick Brown. I do hope you've had a good time. It has been jolly, hasn't it?"

Lucilla assented, and her eyes were soft and friendly as they met Hermione's.

Christina, a light sleeper since the birth of her first-born, heard the dancers come softly upstairs.

"Children," she called.

They all came into her room and sat on her bed, telling her the news of the dance. Rosa was the last to leave.

"Did Lucilla Warwick Brown enjoy it, dear?" Christina asked. "Had she plenty of partners?"

"Oh! yes," said Rosa dully, "I saw to that."

There was a pause, then—"Mother, I can't like her. She makes me feel as a dog feels to a strange cat. I know it's horrid of me, and I do try to be fair."

Christina put a question carelessly.

"Did Laurence dance with her?"

"Yes."

"Did he like her?"

"I don't know. He never mentioned her."

(To be continued.)

THE MESOPOTAMIAN BREAKDOWN.

The fall of Kut and the capture of General Townshend's division by the Turks constitute the most signal reverse sustained by Britain in the East since the destruction of Elphinstone's force in its despairing attempt to escape from Kabul in 1842. The disaster seems to have produced strangely little of the effects that might have been apprehended from it either among the local population, or in the neighbor countries of Persia

and Afghanistan, or in India itself; but it has kindled the feelings of the British public in a way that nothing else has done since the disclosures from the Crimea. Once again it is the thought of the sufferings of the sick and wounded that accounts for the hot blaze of general indignation which has followed the publication of the Report. The truth about this dismal side of the story has long been known to many outside the offices.

The facts are beyond controversy, and there is no fear of their being lost sight of. But while resentment justly burns over the case of these unfortunate victims, let us not forget in any appreciation of the sum total of suffering that of Townshend's Ten Thousand, who at the end of a siege prolonged to the limits of endurance found, not a hospital at Bombay, but a prolongation of miseries in captivity, under which too many of them have succumbed, are succumbing, and will succumb before the day of deliverance arrives. If peace were to come tomorrow we should have to prepare for some sad news as to the wastage among the garrison at Kut, more especially, of course, among the rank and file.

Whenever untoward things happen a considerable number of persons are sure to be heard maintaining that the only safe course is to get them stowed away underground out of general knowledge. It is not surprising, therefore, that protests should have been forthcoming against the appointment of the Mesopotamian Commission, but more especially against the publication of the Report. Oddly enough, objections to the inquiry seemed to have extended to the Indian Press, though it should have been recognized there that but for the censorship and the *regimen* exercised over loyal English newspapers from the start the Government could not have remained in the inertness which has brought it to trouble.

Of course, there are always arguments of a sort to be discovered against publicity. The disclosures will encourage the Germans and the Turks, or they will discredit the Government of India in the eyes of its subjects, or it will sap the credit of the Services if mishaps are to be followed by inquiries. This, it may be observed, was not the feeling in the Navy,

where, as everyone knows, it was until the present war the unwritten law that every loss of a ship entailed a court-martial. The procedure, as long as it was consistent, was no reflection on individuals, and the commander as often as not emerged with brilliant credit to himself; but it recognized that casualties call for investigation, and that an invariable rule was the fairest course. But it may be said that while the holding of the inquiry may have been expedient, the publication of the findings is another matter. This surely is a contention scarcely to be taken seriously. It is as far as possible from the purpose of this article to swell the hue-and-cry against individuals. The fact of being held up to view as one who has fallen short in the hour of need of the expectations of his country may surely be supposed sufficient punishment for a public servant in high position. But to maintain that the outcome of the elaborate investigation which has arrived at the conclusion should be kept back for an indeterminate interval of months or years, until the country is in a ferment of new ideas with the restoration of peace, borders on absurdity. In this case, moreover, the frank course of publication was beset with none of the ordinary disadvantages. The Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief who were associated with the breakdown had left India, so that their influence could not be prejudiced. The management of the campaign had passed out of the hands of the Government of India. The position in Mesopotamia had been brilliantly retrieved and the Turks dispossessed with something more than an exchange of pieces. If any British prestige has evaporated in the valley of the Tigris it is an extravagance to pass over the disaster at Kut and fasten upon an attempt to sound the responsibility

for the mishap as the thing to be deprecated.

The first question that arises is why we should ever have been seduced by the attractions of Baghdad. The British Government had enough on its hands in all conscience in the autumn of 1914 to preserve it from being captivated by the prospects of a fresh adventure in the East. The war had not lasted many days before the Indian Government had reason to know that it would be put to it to answer the demands of Lord Kitchener. Yet it was clear as early as September that the Turks were going to be troublesome, and that they could not be left at their pleasure to block the navigation of the Shatt-el-Arab, raid the Persian oilfields, overawe the friendly Chiefs of the Gulf coasts, and reduce Southern and Western Persia to a wilder state of confusion than already existed over that region. Accordingly a brigade was dispatched for the head of the Gulf simultaneously with the start of the first troops for France, and the brigade soon became a division. The first objective was necessarily Basra, and when Basra had been occupied an advance to Kurna, at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, became inevitable. Kurna was taken on December 9th, and the position thus gained commanded the whole navigable waterway to the Gulf as well as covering the region of the oilfields across the Persian border. Up to this point all had gone very well with the expedition; but its size was growing, and it was thought necessary to supersede Lieutenant-General Sir A. Barrett, who had hitherto commanded with striking success, by General Sir John Nixon, an officer of higher standing. In General Nixon's instructions was included the submission of a plan for an advance upon Baghdad. Hitherto the Govern-

ment of India appears to have grudged the demands made upon it by these operations, while the India Office from the first had at the back of its mind the great though vague advantages that might be derived from the capture of the city of the Caliphs. But at this point the parts seem to have changed. The tone of the Indian Government begins to grow sanguine; it has forgotten somehow its anxieties as to the drain on its resources, while it is the India Office that is for putting on the brake. For example, the telegram from the Secretary of State, April 24th, 1915 (Bluebook, p. 17): "An important offensive movement is indicated by Nixon's demand (for reinforcements). Any advance beyond the present theatre of operations will not be sanctioned by Government at present, and I presume Nixon clearly understands this. . . . Our present position is strategically a sound one, and we cannot at present afford to take risks by extending it unduly. In Mesopotamia a safe game must be played." But the Indian Government were bent upon going on to Amara, the occupation of which had been in Sir J. Nixon's original instructions, though of this the Secretary of State was unaware. A month later the India Office's objections to campaigning during the heat of mid-summer were overcome, and Amara was occupied on June 3d. It proved to be no more acceptable as a terminus than Kurna. In spite of the weather, the onward way was resumed, Kut being taken on September 29th after heavy fighting.

Here was another possible halting point, and its eligibility in this respect was emphasized by General Sir Edmund Barrow; but it is always difficult to stop, and many people like the writer must from the day of the dispatch of the first transport have had a clear presentiment that there

would be no stopping till we had reached the goal, standing out so clearly, but unfortunately 550 miles from the coast. Baghdad was the objective, whatever the professed intentions of the Government might be, as plainly as was Khartoum in 1885. The difference is that if Lord Wolseley had been in command at Basra, as those who remember the elaborate preparations for the Nile campaign will recognize, he would not have stirred till he was assured about his river transport, wherever it might have to come from. Why the early successes in Mesopotamia, brilliant as they were, left the thoughtful unenthusiastic was because it was felt that they were merely leading us on into a radically unsound position to a point which could only be reached with great effort by an attenuated force, where the enemy could await us at leisure, knowing exactly where the attack must fall, which he could reinforce without difficulty, while our reinforcements, however ample they could be made, might be useless from lack of transport—a campaign which at the best must be an enormously expensive one, and which as it enlarged would involve a disproportionate lock-up of shipping as well as of men at a time when every ship in the Empire was wanted.

As soon as Kut had been taken General Townshend was pushing on after the defeated Turks. They were much demoralized, and the idea of following them up right into Baghdad itself naturally occurred to the officers on the spot. But the adventure was vetoed from England, and the rest of October was spent in discussion over whether the plan was feasible. It is not the intention here to attempt to analyze the evidence brought together in the Report as to the attitude of the different parties to the final decision, especially as, after all the

pains taken by the Commissioners to present the case fairly, every piece they have produced seems capable of being traversed as insufficient, misleading, unjust. What seems to be clear is that in the end all were agreed as to the expediency of the advance. The Home Government, though the impression conveyed by the correspondence (p. 52) that they had come to hope on political grounds for some striking success in the East, is repudiated as an infamous libel, was evidently in favor of the enterprise, inasmuch as it promised the reinforcements pressed for by India as necessary for the holding of Baghdad. The only person who had any doubt about the capturing process was General Townshend, on whom the execution fell. The Commission passes over the question of the remonstrance, which as a matter of common knowledge he is believed to have addressed to General Nixon on the inadequacy of his force, presumably because this correspondence was not in evidence. There is enough, however, in the Report to show that General Townshend was disquieted about the condition of his division, and small wonder after what it had been through during the summer of 1915. But the facts to be noted are that by the time the advance was ordered any chance there might have been a month earlier of achieving success by keeping the enemy on the run was long past. Secondly, that if General Townshend, when the movement was ordered, had succeeded in penetrating to Baghdad, the final disaster would have been much more shocking and unmitigated than the capitulation at Kut. The little force of 11,000 men that was thrown back at Ctesiphon must infallibly have been swallowed up wholesale among the bazaars and lanes of a big Oriental city.

In watching the course of the camp, what has struck most observers throughout, next to the failure of the transport which meant failure everywhere, is the unaccountable deficiency of our Intelligence Service. Turkish Arabia is no unknown land to the Indian Government. It has had its representatives at Basra and Baghdad from the days of the Company. Its relations with the Arab chiefs go back to Anglo-Indian antiquity. All that concerns the Persian Gulf and its hinterland comes into the everyday business of the Indian Foreign Office. In such a country one would have supposed that a British force would be furnished with the fullest information of all that was going on in the enemy's camp; yet we find General Nixon dependent for his knowledge of the doings and strength of the Turks in Baghdad on news sent him from the London War Office. As the Commission did not follow up the point, one cannot do more than remark the strangeness of the fact. Under the Indian system a military force employed beyond the frontier is always accompanied by a Political Officer, to take charge of its relations with the people of the country, and this includes the department of news. Generals of a certain type have on various occasions shown a great jealousy of their Politicals, successfully stultifying their usefulness. From Sir John Nixon's antecedents it is most improbable that he would share this foible; still, the intelligence would seem to have been bad, and in the East there is no excuse for bad intelligence, least of all in a country so familiar to us as Mesopotamia.

On a general consideration of the case it cannot be doubted that the Government of India drifted into the enterprise in a double mind, intelligibly averse to further commitments, yet not averse to the idea of some

ambitious *coup* that should bring credit to the country and to its administration. This mixture of motives betrays itself in Lord Hardinge's defense in the House of Lords. He enlarges upon the intensity of the strain set up by Lord Kitchener's demands for France, yet at the same time he nourished hankerings for some spectacular stroke against Asiatic Turkey, which were not congealed by any fear of having to meet the bill. He proclaimed aloud the unanimous and magnificent loyalty of India, but at the same time was admittedly impressed with the risk that these loyalists might rise and set to work on a promiscuous extinction of the British community. The inconsistencies of Lord Hardinge arise out of his personal leanings. "We have recently been told again, as he was so often told in his own hearing in India, that he was the most popular of Viceroy. It is certainly true that few other Viceroy showed greater keenness for popularity; and as this is the first weakness for which the Oriental is on the lookout, his admirers did not spare their expressions. But the Mohmands and the Waziris were not in the laudatory chorus, nor were the conspirators in the Punjab, nor were the anarchists in Bengal, nor was the young India of the schools and colleges generally. One can well understand the anxieties that weighed upon the Viceroy in the autumn of 1914 when the country was coming near to being stripped bare of British troops; but the fact that he was oppressed with anxiety, as well as uplifted by the loyalty in evidence, illustrates the essential difference between India and the Dominions.

In truth, much of what is heard in these days as to "the magnificent loyalty of India," "the unparalleled loyalty of India," "the astonishing loyalty of India," is out of touch

with the common sense of the man in the street who gets the benefit of it from his orators. Does one expect the subject to make a choice of sides when his country is at war: is a person to claim it as a merit that he has not rebelled? "Very well," is the only answer, "so much the better for you: *non pascas in cruce corvos.*" The loyalty of India is not only an obligation, but it has hitherto been treated as a matter of course. Indian troops must go whither they are summoned or mutiny, but the regiments that were dispatched to the Mediterranean in 1887, in view of a rupture with Russia, went as readily as those who were lately ordered to France. From 1878 to 1880 a large part of the Indian Army was fighting against co-religionists and a Mahomedan sovereign in Afghanistan. In 1882 an Indian division was sent to Egypt, again to meet Mahomedans. In 1885, when a war with Russia seemed imminent, no one stopped to ask which side India and the Indian Army would take. Yet there were certainly more inducements then for an Indian of the upper classes to consider the question as an open one. To begin with, he had heard of the Russian danger for years past, and knew that the Government was constantly disturbed about this prowling approach always coming nearer. It was supposed by many that the Muscovite must prevail in the long run, and in that case it would be policy to be known as having sympathies with the winning side. If the Russians had got to Kabul and Kandahar many a worthy landed gentleman would have been considering the expediency of sending a son to join them, so as to have a foot in either camp. If this seems to anyone an outrageous suggestion, then he has no ground for considering the loyal attitude of 1914 as anything out of

expectation. What inducement had the Indian Raja or zemindar to favor the Germans, of whom he may have scarcely heard, and that through the advances of some sneaking commercial traveler with their suspicious flavor of criminality? The chiefs and upper classes have shown themselves, as on every previous occasion, it would be absurd to say "loyal" as one would use the word of a Sepoy, but as men who have a stake in the common country and know that they must throw in their exertions to preserve it. The masses of the people are, as ever, philosophic on the subject of their governors. So far as there is any reason to doubt the sentiments of the new middle class, that implies a retrocession from the former standard.

In the early part of 1880 the Government of India discovered that an error of nine millions sterling had been made in their presentation of the cost of the Afghan War then in progress. Sir John Strachey, the Finance Member of Council, and General Sir Edwin Johnson, the Military Member, thereupon resigned. Sir John Strachey might well in the particular have thrown the fault upon the financial machine; Sir Edwin Johnson's responsibility for the mistake was purely nominal. But both felt that the financial system for which they stood had incurred a discredit, and they did not require to be told what is the course for the head of a Department in such a case. Mr. Chamberlain's resignation clearly stands on similar grounds. Some people find it difficult to understand. The Commission has not attacked him: to resign when he has not been censured, it is over-nicety, a bad precedent for other statesmen. But if Mr. Chamberlain is unattainted; if the general opinion both in India and the India Office is that he has been excellent as

Secretary of State, Mr. Chamberlain knows that the administration over which he has presided has been convicted of dismal failures, and he does not wait to have it argued out where the exact responsibility for each item in the indictment attaches. It is true that his action implies that the Government of India stands condemned in public opinion; but who doubts that now in face of the Commission's report? Moreover, there are many things outside that report that will have one day to be accounted for to the nation, as, for instance, the jeopardy in which Aden was allowed to fall. This, by the way, is not explained by the removal of the Officer in Command, for generals are not in the way of voluntarily depleting their own garrisons.

We are supposed not to be able to spare naval officers to sit on courts-martial for determining the simple issues presented by the loss of a ship; but we are apparently to give up the services of three military men of note, with a couple of lawyer colleagues to expedite the proceedings, for arriving at a quasi-judicial finding on questions that defy answer in black and white. Who can say, for instance, that a Finance Minister does ill to keep a tight hold on the public money chest, or at what point his professional instincts ought to give way to larger considerations? One hesitates to quote anything from the Commission's report lest one should fall into another "vile slander," but the general tenor of their remarks does seem to convey that they found the departmental view unreasonably predominant in Sir William Meyer. That the Indian Army was starved for years before the war is patent from the bare fact that the expenditure on it remained practically stationary through during the whole decade preceding, while the cost of British soldier and Sepoy as of

everything required for putting them into the field was steadily mounting. Sir William Meyer seems even to have had his hopes that it would be possible to carry on the war for the twenty million pounds per annum, which he probably regarded as a handsome allowance for so unprofitable a branch as defense, in spite of the fact that India has had its naval protection for nothing. But, after all, it is not a sin in the guardian of a Treasury to be inexpansive: if the Financial Minister carries economy to lengths inconsistent with more urgent interests it is the business of the Viceroy and Council to overrule him, as they do when they want new capitals or more millions for new colleges and schools. The reason why the financial side has been too strong and the military side too weak goes back to the administrative *coup* effected by Lord Kitchener, which abolished the Military Department of the Government of India and the Military Member. In the decade 1885-95, when India was confronted by the menace of an invasion, the balance of power was different. In fact, the eminent financial members of that period, Sir Auckland Colvin and Sir David Barbour, both openly complained after leaving office that they were not in a position to put sufficient check upon the Council's tendency to expenditure, meaning military expenditure. The reason was that Lord Roberts had at this side as Military Member first Sir George Chesney and afterwards Sir Henry Brackenbury. Had the Government of India included a Member of this stamp, it could not have glided into military disrepute as it has done. Certain ardent soldiers hailed Lord Kitchener's assumption of sole authority exultantly as a sign that the military interest was now coming into the front seat; but those who knew the system foresaw with

every certainty that what the change meant was the coming ascendancy of the Finance Department.

Even before Lord Kitchener left India there were plain signs that the process was setting in and that he himself was conscious of it. His successor not only found himself kept on a strict allowance, but had to suffer the appointment of a Committee to inquire into subjects of Army administration, which, under an officer of higher standing than his own, sat for a year at his elbow in Simla. A strange position for the military dictator of anticipation. In recent times the Indian Government has undergone the humiliation of having two campaigns taken by degrees entirely out of its own management; and the worst of it is that no one can say that the change was not necessary. These things cannot come about without loss of prestige. It is notorious, for example, that no officer in these days seeking a command from the War Office would find his chances improved by the fact of his coming from the Indian Army. But the deterioration is not necessarily the fault of any one man, nor can it be ascribed to a single particular cause or moment. The diversion of Russian ambitions to the Far East and the subsequent friendly agreement as to Persia and Afghanistan were a blessing to India, but for the Army they removed the grand incentive to a standard of efficiency and constant readiness. Lord Kitchener's increase in the numbers of the officers per regiment—a most necessary measure in itself—was detrimental in its effects to the officers personally. As the increase all took place at the bottom, while there remained but one commanding officer and one second in command to each regiment, a deadening block in promotion became inevitable. As a palliative the period

of tenure of a command was reduced, which might be some help to those below, but was detrimental to the commandants; and as time went on officers of cavalry in congested corps were transferred to the infantry or *vice versa*, which might lessen individual hardships, but was an admission that efficiency had ceased to be the sole consideration. But what was to be done? The Boer War had produced the impression that the Indian Army was reserved henceforth for service in Asia, and in the absence of the Russians there seemed no longer visible any enemy in Asia likely to oblige. The admirable officers of the Indian Army seemed in fact to have become too good for their work and prospects, and we appeared to be likely to drift gradually back towards the condition of the old Company's army, when men would take any outside employ (Post Office or pension paying, if nothing else offered) rather than stagnate in a regiment.

All this time the shadow of the dark purpose formed at Berlin had been stealing over Turkey and across Asia Minor till its apex was approaching the head of the Persian Gulf. Everyone but the incorrigible optimist knew what it ultimately portended. Still, the collision might not come for another ten or twenty years, and in any case the matter was not within the competence of the Government at Simla any more than of New Zealand. Thus any question of the unpreparedness of India melts into a question of the responsibility of the Cabinet. If the establishments of India were short of guns, aeroplanes, reserves of every kind, and all the appliances of modern warfare, was it not in obedience to a policy and standards of expenditure approved, if not literally prescribed, by the Ministry in London? But it is easy to see that we are thus brought

up against questions that are no more answerable once for all by a quasi-judicial inquiry than by any other. Many of them must remain to the end matters of opinion. But this may be surely said, that it will be a sad thing, and a long regret, if the nation hastily visits its wrath upon an unfortunate officer who in the turmoil of the fray only remembered the axiom of *toujours l'audace*, and forgets
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the sin of those who so nearly involved it in the terrible position of being plunged into war, with a civil war already upon its hands, who for the sake of their own personal purposes, within a few weeks of the bursting of the terrific storm, were striving to bring their followers up to the required pitch by telling them that there were worse things than bloodshed—bloodshed among fellow-countrymen.

G. M. Chesney.

THE NAVY, THE ARMY, AND JANE AUSTEN.

The profession either Navy or Army is its own justification. It has everything in its favor; heroism, danger, bustle, fashion. Soldiers and sailors are always acceptable in society. Nobody can wonder that men are soldiers and sailors.—*Mansfield Park*.

Upon the 18th of July 1917 it was a hundred years since Jane Austen ended the short, tranquil life, lived during the period of glorious victories by sea and land, then unparalleled in English history. The date therefore excuses a brief divergence from her attitude towards the Services, to her winning personality, for if she could awaken like the "Sleeping Beauty" in the fairy-tale, she would be astonished to find herself so famous. The tepid commendation of her contemporaries, accepted by her with such modest gratitude, was then far rarer than such enlightened adverse criticism as that *Sense and Sensibility* was "downright nonsense," *Mansfield Park* "had nothing interesting, language poor," whilst the opinions of another gentleman about *Emma* were "so bad they could not be reported to the author"—who would certainly have survived them.

If but a few of her devout lovers could be summoned to do homage to her delightful ghost she would be amazed by their number, dazzled by

their brilliance, and amused at their variety. Sir Walter Scott would be there with the oft-quoted discerning panegyric, inclining us to forgive even his over-estimation of the handsome, preposterous "Swan of Lichfield" and the ponderous Joanna Baillie. Ever of knightly chivalry towards the woman writer, he gave unstinted acknowledgment to the then ultra-fashionable Maria Edgeworth for his supposed literary obligations to *Castle Rackrent*, and the rest. But he was the first to crown Jane Austen queen, and she has kept her throne unchallenged.

Tennyson, Coleridge, and Southey would compete for the post of Poet Laureate, not forgetting the gallant Lord Morpeth, who sang of "Miss Bates our idol, though the village bore," in the *Keepsake* of 1825 to the best of his moderate ability, ending with the apt couplet:

While the dear style flows on without
pretense,
In unstained purity, and unmatched
sense.

There would be Sydney Smith for Court Jester, serious a moment to confess his passion for meek Fanny Price, and Sir James Mackintosh would be at hand to contradict Mad-

ame de Staël when she dared impudently to libel the masterpieces as "vulgaires."

Guizot, one of Jane Austen's stoutest champions, would shower upon her the praises he denied to Thackeray.

I am a great novel reader [he writes], but I seldom read German or French novels. The characters are too artificial. My delight is to read English novels, particularly those written by women. *C'est toute une école de morale*. Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, etc., form a school which in the excellence of its productions resembles the cloud of great dramatic poets of the Athenian age.

Our armies might be at war with Napoleon when the books appeared, but busy pens set to work to prove they could triumphantly survive the ordeal by translation. They have no politics proper, yet it is pretty to note that *Persuasion*, with its heroes from Trafalgar rechristened *La Famille Elliot*, shared the popularity of *Raison et Sensibilité*, *Orgueil et Préjugé*. This makes it clear that if England had not yet learned to view her anonymous author with all the pride she now inspires, ever liberal-minded France was ready to make her acquaintance without prejudice.

Madame de Staël, whose death centenary fell on the 14th of July, was apparently alone in her absurd opinions. Once more she displayed the deadly lack of humor which has probably denied her the *édition définitive*, which is the order of merit necessary for the making of a classic in France. Her day has ended. Half-forgotten yesterday, she will be remembered bitterly tomorrow as one whose *De L'Allemagne* helped to foster illusions frightfulness has torn away. Oblivious even of gout, Sir Henry Holland would sympathize with Disraeli "fresh from my seventeenth reading of *Pride and Prejudice*," and

Andrew Lang penning a *billet doux* happiest of his *Letters to Dead Authors*. G. H. Lewes would bawl out that he would sooner have created the said *Pride and Prejudice* than *Tom Jones*, unabashed because failing to realize himself incapable of either.

Space forbids an endless lengthening of the imposing list, yet a royal admirer cannot be ignored. George the Fourth had one redeeming feature: he appreciated the Austen novels, caused a set of them to be placed in each of his palaces, and graciously expressed readiness to accept the dedication of *Emma*. His librarian, Mr. Clarke, conducted the negotiations in a style worthy of the immortal Collins, but remorseless dates destroy the pretty hypothesis that he posed for his portrait. He is a rich example of those unconscious humorists worthy of gratitude rather than contempt; nor could the Kaiser himself be readier to proffer superfluous instruction. Jane Austen was to cease her dealings with the sailors she understood, and the soldiers of a stay-at-home Militia she regarded with a touch of playful disdain. Even G. H. Lewes, commanding Charlotte Brontë what to do and what to don't, scarcely cuts a poorer figure than the fatuous Clarke advising Jane Austen to "delineate" weird clergy who should resemble Beattie's "Minstrel":

Silent when glad, affectionate though shy,
And in his looks was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, and none knew why.

Gilbertian comment on Mr. Tupper is recalled: "It of course was very clever, but she didn't understand it"; nor were there Beattie Societies to elucidate the cryptic passage, which might account for Lamb's inclusion of the works of this bard in his black list of "books which are no books."

It is pleasant to picture the smiling Jane inditing her reply at her "little rosewood desk":

I am quite honored by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note of November the sixteenth, but I assure you I am *not*. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. . . . I think I may boast myself with all possible vanity the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.

Mr. Clarke, who doubtless believed her, returned briskly to the charge. As private secretary to Prince Leopold, then wooing Princess Charlotte, he saw golden opportunities. For he next suggested that "an historical romance illustrative of the august house of Coburg would just now be very interesting." She replied with "grave civility":

You are very kind in your hints as to the sort of composition which might recommend me at present, and I am fully sensible that an historical romance founded on the house of Saxe-Coburg might be more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic country life as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life, and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or other people, I am sure I should be hung before I finished the first chapter. No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way, and though I may never again succeed in that, I am totally convinced I should fail utterly in any other.

Lord Brabourne surely overlooked this characteristic episode when he asked and obtained leave to dedicate the letters to Queen Victoria.

Present sentiments towards Germany incline us to sigh over Jane's stern refusal to write to order. She might again have used her delicious gift for parody with all the mastery of maturity, and might have found princely soldiers irresistible targets for the arrows of her airy railery. That she did not apply the adjective "august" to the then perfectly undistinguished house of Coburg may have shocked the courtly Clarke as much as Mr. Collins was shocked by the inadequacy of Elizabeth's thanks to Lady Catherine de Bourgh. The rest is silence, though he left plenty of descendants officious to train genius in the way it should go.

It is easy to see by the letters to her publisher, Mr. Murray, upon the wording of the dedication of *Emma*, that she would have liked it simpler and terser, though she bowed to his decision with the utmost courtesy. It stands in the boldly printed first edition of the three dumpy volumes:

To his Royal Highness the Prince Regent this work is by his Royal Highness's permission most respectfully dedicated by his Royal Highness's dutiful and obedient servant.

We think better of the First Gentleman in Europe (?) for having invited it, all unaware that it would constitute one of the lonely instances when he commands a pale reflex of respect from posterity.

To pass to the books themselves in quest of soldiers and sailors is to begin with gay *Northanger Abbey*, "breathing a spirit of youth in everything," and familiarly known to have been sold for ten pounds to a reluctant Bath bookseller. The poor wretch was clearly devoid of any perception of the fun of this perfect part parody of Mrs. Radcliffe and her gloomy school, for, although he advertised it, he never plucked up courage to print it, like the braver tradesman who found

a "best seller" in *Paradise Lost*. It did not appear until Jane Austen had been laid in Winchester Cathedral beneath the stone bearing true witness to "the benevolence of her heart, the sweetness of her temper, and the extraordinary endowments of her mind." In many editions it is bound with *Persuasion*, Alpha and Omega from the pen of genius. For although *Pride and Prejudice* was the first book completed, *Northanger Abbey* was the first begun, and bears all the impress of "glad, confident morning." To use a hideous modern word, it is the romance of a flapper, who was as much an outdoor girl as if she had learned games at a smart school in 1917. Catherine Morland played cricket, and was modern in more than one other respect. She fell in love with a sporting parson who, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, "had a leg," and showed it to advantage at the cotillion balls in the Bath Assembly Rooms. It is possibly for this reason the Services—and Jane Austen would certainly have reversed the usual incorrect order of their going—here play but a secondary part. There is no mention of a sailor except William Thorpe, vaguely described as "at sea"; but thinly veiled half-disdain for the Army, not unnatural in an essentially naval family, resulted in the creation of that heaviest of heavy fathers, General Tilney. Possibly if her changeable brother Henry had obtained the commission for which he "at one time hankered," it might have altered her outlook. As it was, he began as a banker, took Orders in middle life, and became of all unexpected chances Chaplain at Berlin in 1818, long after Jane wrote to Cassandra:

We are quite run over with books. . . . I am reading a society octavo, an *Essay on the Military Police and Institutions of the British Empire*,

by Captain Pasley of the Engineers, a book which I protested against at first, but which upon trial I find delightfully written, and highly entertaining. I am as much in love with the author as I ever was with Clarkson or Buchanan, or even the two Mr. Smiths of the City. The *first soldier I ever sighed for*, but he does write with extraordinary force and spirit. . . . I detest a quarto. Captain Pasley's book is too good for their society. They will not understand a man who condenses his thoughts into an octavo.

General Tilney has been described as her one unlikeliest character by those who forget that she is here obviously remembering her duty as a parodist. Never prodigal of military detail, she does not throw a ray of light upon the martial exploits of this truly Prussian-minded English bore. That he was detested in his regiment may, she decides, go without saying; that he was intolerable in private life she gives plentiful proof. His dashing heir, Captain Tilney, of the 12th Light Dragoons, who is "such a rattle," has the not inconsiderable merit of being a match for a minx. Yet in a strenuous time we get no hint regarding active service past or future, nor does he ever express any anxiety for it. He is meant to contrast unfavorably with his clever brother Henry, who was of the scarce and welcome order of *jeunes premiers* at once worthy and witty. Handsome Frederick however plays god in the car to a sentimental undergraduate, vastly to our entertainment. If Captain Tilney possibly went to Bath for the proverbial mischief-making of the idler, he remained for the useful purpose of rescuing poor "sallow" James Morland from the clutch of the husband-hunting Isabella, sister to the horsy Oxford "man" inimitably sketched. The unsophisticated Catherine rushes to the conclusion that his attentions are serious. Henry enlightens her as to

the only likely result of an arrant flirtation, when he prophesies that "the mess will drink Isabella Thorpe for a fortnight." He was however wrong. The fancy proved briefer still, for his eligible brother, forestalling Haynes Bayly, wanted "a new face for an intimate friend," and spent his last two days "always by the side of Charlotte Davis," although that young person had, according to the fair Miss Thorpe, made "wretched work" of copying her head-dress. Possibly when she first knew the Johnsonian joy of "commencing author," Jane Austen was too near her own sunny girlhood, a very counterpart of Catherine's, to think of turning her brothers into heroes. She could not then foresee that her best portraits of gentlemen would almost all wear naval uniforms for a double reason perfumed with the "gentle dignity and reticence" Lady Ritchie may well have admired in her.

To *Sense and Sensibility*, when it appeared in 1811, belongs the distinction of being the opener of the classic series, and the least amusing. The Navy is again conspicuous by its absence, and the heroes are sadly dull dogs. Colonel Brandon is painfully well described by that unscrupulous Lovelace, Willoughby: "Brandon is just the kind of man whom everybody speaks well of, and nobody cares about; whom all are delighted to see and nobody remembers to talk to." Frivolous Mrs. Palmer arrives at the same conclusion: "He is such a charming man it is a pity he should be so grave and so dull."

If his "address was particularly gentlemanlike," his choice of subjects for conversation was scarcely likely to appeal to the gushing Marianne, all poetry, fine shades, and sweet seventeen. "He talked of flannel waistcoats," she complains: an odd method truly for winning the heart of a damsel

regarding him as a decaying veteran because he was thirty-five and once mentioned "a slight rheumatic feel in one of his shoulders." She lived, be it noted, to be glad enough to marry him with his two thousand a year and the snug Dorsetshire property with its "stew ponds" and fertile mulberry trees. The custom of addressing a retired Colonel as plain Mister, even when he had not been in the Guards, obtained then, and there was not much in his demeanor to suggest military brilliancy when commanding the regiment "which had been in the East Indies." He does, however, draw his sword in a duel, although Miss Austen never uses the duel as the one natural mode of getting rid of a superfluous character like Miss Edgeworth, a fact underlining the marked social difference between England and Ireland at this date. The exemplary Elinor, pattern of all the virtues, asks Colonel Brandon if he has "ever seen Willoughby since you parted at Barton?"

"Yes," he replied gravely, "once I have. One meeting was inevitable." Elinor, startled by his manner, looked at him anxiously, saying "What! have you met him to —" "I could meet him in no other way. . . . We met by appointment; he to defend, I to punish his conduct. We returned unwounded, the meeting therefore never got abroad." Elinor sighed over the fancied necessity of this; but to a man and a soldier she presumed not to censure it.

That Colonel Brandon was not attracted by the exasperating Elinor gives him a humanizing touch of inconsistency.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to call *Pride and Prejudice*, written in ten months in 1797, published only in 1813, the story of a Militia regiment. From the hour when the Longbourn ladies were "well supplied both with

news and happiness by the recent arrival of a Militia regiment in the neighborhood for the whole winter," it exercised a dominant influence upon their futures, whilst it stirred the stagnant pool of a drab present in humdrum Meryton. Its officers were ready enough to dine with the prosperous attorney, "broad-faced, stuffy Uncle Philips." They imbibed his port wine plentifully, and passed into the parlor to devour well-buttered muffins with their coffee, and flirt with the pretty nieces of their host. "A nice comfortably noisy game of lottery tickets, and a bit of hot supper afterwards," finished the proceedings, for with dinner at half-past four there was time for such convivialities.

Endless leisure reigned under easy-going Colonel Forster, whose popularity survived his marriage, even with husband-hunting Mrs. Bennet. In her youth she had "cried for two days when Colonel Miller's regiment went away" in all the glory of pigtails and high gaiters, and she could sympathize with the scarlet fever of her younger daughters. Kitty once asserted Colonel Forster had ordered a private to be flogged, but those acquainted with her want better evidence before believing it, and Andrew Lang praises Miss Austen for not interpolating a lecture on flogging in the Army after the fashion of too many of our contemporaries. Of drill and discipline we hear nothing. It was all gambling and love-making when gay Militia dandies knew no call to the Front. Without this fatal regiment, however, there could have been no plausible villain to give Darcy a chance of proving he was not all priggishness and pomposity.

Those who prate of that undefined period known vaguely as the "good old times" forget the utter insular indifference to our wars abroad. Safe-guarded by their walls of oak, not an

Austen girl, even tender-hearted Fanny Price, thought of sewing shirts for soldiers. The miseries of the campaign in the Low Countries then dragging its weary course did not affect the calm of Highbury, the splendors of Rosings, though the ladies, like Jane and Cassandra at Chawton, were liberal givers to the poor of their own villages. Soldiers and sailors were paid to do their job. It was their business, and their compatriots merely grumbled if it was not done to their mind. The part played by the daughters of today is in encouraging contrast with the former apathy. Slowly but surely they are learning the noble lessons taught by a handful of heroines, and Edith Cavell, martyr, stands beside Florence Nightingale, pioneer.

The entire standpoint has changed immeasurably for the better. There is much difference between the lazy, gaudy Militia officer, according to Jane Austen, and the Territorial in his plain war-stained khaki. There is more between her elegant young ladies, ignorant of all duties outside their sheltered homes, and the uniformed legion passing to hospital or munition factory to take the place of those summoned by the imperious bugle-call.

It took nearly a century to find the ideal illustrator for Jane Austen. But Mr. Hugh Thomson has made her provincial military bucks live again, as they swagger into the room in all the glory of white silk stockings, sashes, pumps, and high stocks. From cockade to boots they are irresistible as they saunter to the local circulating library. Such a hive of gossip was this, it might have justified the savage diatribes of Sir Anthony Absolute, or the animadversions of Ruskin against the "filthy national habit of thumbing each other's books."

Wickham is a scamp, and well deserves the fate of marrying the objectionable Lydia. When their scan-

dalous elopement takes place Mrs. Bennet asks fretfully "Who is to fight Wickham and make him marry her?" There is, however, no duel. Her shrewd uncle knows that only ready money will secure the white-washing of his niece. And Darcy at last wins our favor by being sufficiently in love with the most enchanting "sweet and twenty" in all fiction, to be ready with the requisite check for the sake of his Elizabeth. Wickham originally went into the Militia for the sake of "society, constant society." He left it with a commission in "the Regulars," removing himself and his bride to Newcastle, "a place quite northward, it seems," according to his matchless mother-in-law. The plot hinges largely upon his first frustrated flight with the youthful heiress Miss Darcy, then a "maiden of bashful fifteen," and his unwilling wedding of the Lydia who could not be thus described, though of the same age. With such an Adonis, Colonel Forster ought to have been on the alert long before his foolish wife received the letter of her friend:

I am going to Gretna Green [wrote Lydia], and if you cannot guess with who (!) I shall think you a simpleton, for there is only one man I love, and he is an angel.

The regiment, as we know, had removed from Meryton to the glittering Brighton of the Regency, not unlike Lydia's dreams of it before she started.

In Lydia's imagination, a visit to Brighton comprised every possibility of earthly happiness. She saw, with the creative eye of fancy, the street of that gay bathing-place covered with officers. . . . She saw all the glories of the camp; its tents stretched forth in beauteous uniformity of lines, crowded with the young and the gay, and dazzling with scarlet; and to complete the view, she saw herself seated beneath a tent tenderly flirting with at least six officers at once.

Mr. Hugh Thomson captures this vision splendid inimitably, although he limits Lydia to five admirers.

In this book we meet with the agreeable Colonel Fitzwilliam, "a younger son of Lord ——" In his case Miss Austen adopted the de Staël-Edgeworth blank, supposititiously concealing an eminent name. The Colonel "about thirty, not handsome, in person and address most truly the gentleman," showed his taste by his satisfaction on finding the piquante Elizabeth in the dreary drawing-room of his egregious aunt, Lady Catherine de Bourgh. It was not surprising that "Mrs. Collins' pretty friend caught his fancy," and led to his putting a time-honored grievance into words possibly for the first time in a novel.

"Younger sons cannot marry where they like," he sighs. "Unless they like women of fortune, which I think they often do," retorts his ready listener. "And pray what would be the usual price of an Earl's younger son? Unless the elder brother is very sickly, I suppose you would not ask above fifty thousand pounds," continues Elizabeth with the "mixture of archness and sweetness" which brought haughty Darcy to the feet of the niece of Attorney Philips. Colonel Fitzwilliam leaves Kent a further example of the Military philanderer, whose superabundance was a deep-rooted Austen conviction. Still he was a good fellow, and Elizabeth may well have missed the "spirit and flow of his conversation" in the "small summer breakfast parlor," or anywhere else at Rosings.

Watermarks of 1803 upon the paper of the incomplete fragment called *The Watsons* by Jane Austen's biographers show it to have been written after *Pride and Prejudice*. It has certain slight analogies with it and a second Militia regiment to call forth the remark "Aye, there is nothing

like your officers for captivating the ladies young or old. There is no resisting a cockade, my dear." It was said apropos of a rich and mature widow who had disappointed her niece by a belated union with a captain considerably her junior. That "Mary was surrounded, by red-coats all the evening" at the Assembly ball was displeasing to her strait-laced mother, but alas! we shall never know how the affair ended between Miss Edwards and the Captain Hunter "who came forward with empressment, to claim her hand for the first two dances."

Mr. Austen-Leigh's memoir was written in the sixties, and he airs a truly Early-Victorian theory as to the reasons *The Watsons* was never finished to the perennial regret of all who have met Tom Musgrave on his way to be "famously snug" with his barrel of oysters.

My own idea is [he writes], but it is only a guess, that the author became aware of the evil of having placed her heroine too low, in such a position of poverty and obscurity as, though not necessarily connected with vulgarity, has a sad tendency to degenerate into it; and therefore like a singer who has begun on too low a note she discontinued the strain.

There are those who would cheerfully run such risks as they linger at the dance where "the smartest officer of the set" made the high-born Miss Osborne false to her promise of being partner to a little lad of ten who should surely have been in bed. They were sad sparks, these gay Militia butterflies and whist-playing Mr. Edwards was right concerning the magic of their picturesque and costly uniforms.

Every true Austenite was grateful to Lord Brabourne when in 1882 "in a square box at Provender" he discovered the letters from Jane and Cassandra Austen, treasured by the mother who had loved both. He

scarcely proved their ideal editor, nor does the involved introduction improve upon Mr. Austen-Leigh's simpler record. His rather turgid analysis of the heroes contains the patronizing remark "There is something pleasant about all Jane's sailors," as if he forgot that her love for the Navy did not blind her perception of its occasional black sheep. She was too astute to give us merely wooden paragons in blue and gold.

For *Mansfield Park* deals with an Admiral with no sort of likeness to those chivalrous gentlemen, Admiral Sir Francis and Rear-Admiral Charles Austen. Admiral Crawford, like Daudet's "Arlésienne," dominates the stage without appearing upon it. He is a lion among ladies, leading his wife a dismal life, and undermining the morals of an attractive nephew. Miss Austen was far too subtle to fall into the Dickensian error of making her villains "too steep," as she had appeared to do when caricaturing General Tilney. Admiral Crawford was good-natured, and had penetration to perceive that William Price was worth helping. Those were the days when influence was omnipotent. To please his nephew he invited William to dine and to make an admirable impression by his modesty. Presently we hear how

His Lordship had the very great happiness of attending to the recommendation of Sir Charles, that Sir Charles was much delighted at having such an opportunity of proving his regard for Admiral Crawford, and that the circumstance of Mr. William Price's commission as Second-Lieutenant of H.M. sloop *Thrush* being made out, was spreading general joy among a circle of great people.

William luckily took after the mother who paid dearly for making a *mésalliance*, inasmuch as he was a gentleman.

Miss Fanny married, in the common phrase, to disoblige her family, and by fixing on a Lieutenant of Marines without education, fortune, or connections, did it very thoroughly.

Mr. Price was no hero like that orname to the Marines rewarded by becoming the father of the incomparable Crossjay Patterne. He was a born loafer and he swore freely, but there is charming evidence that Charles Austen was the original of his genial son. Even William's gift of an amber cross to the sister he loved tenderly has its parallel in those of topaz presented to Jane and Cassandra by the free-handed prize-taker with his pockets full of money. Jane indeed announces characteristically "We shall be insufferably fine."

William's promotion took place after his visit to Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram, who to their credit tipped him liberally on leaving, her ladyship afterwards regretting she had given him "only ten pounds," and Aunt Norris almost regretting she had given him nothing at all until she heard of it. When first at Mansfield Park he had confided to Fanny how the "Portsmouth girls turn up their noses at anybody who has not got a commission. One might as well be nothing as a midshipman, one is nothing." Sir Thomas "listened to his clear, simple, spirited details with full satisfaction, seeing in them the proof of good principles, professional knowledge, energy, courage, and cheerfulness." Even Don Juan Henry Crawford was attentive to William's tales of the seas:

His heart was warm, his fancy fired, and he felt the highest respect for a lad who before he was twenty had gone through such bodily hardship and given such proofs of mind. The glory of heroism, of usefulness, of exertion, of endurance, made his

own habits of selfish indulgence appear in shameful contrast, and he wished he had been a William Price, distinguishing himself, and working his way to fortune and consequence, with so much self-respect, and happy ardor.

Fanny's ardent admiration for her brother was justified, and he was drawn *con amore* by an equally affectionate sister far more happily placed.

William on shore is the jolliest of midshipmen. He hunts on borrowed mounts without coming to grief, and plays at Speculation with zeal. He dances hard, "working away at his partner's fan as if for dear life," and insisting at three A.M. that "the sport has but just begun" at the Mansfield "ball" for "fourteen couple." At Portsmouth he is the keenest of the keen about his duties and his ship. "If ever there was a perfect beauty afloat she is one, by G——," cries his father, who could not have said as much of a modern ironclad. He sails at once in the new uniform he wore with "the happiest smile on his face," and he is greatly missed. Mr. and Mrs. Hubback, in their attractive record of *Jane Austen and Her Sailor Brothers*, prove him to be Charles to our entire satisfaction.

If *Emma* appeared in 1815, it contains no least reflex of Trafalgar or Waterloo. There are no sailors to flutter the dovescotes of Highbury, and the Military is represented chiefly by Captain Weston, retired from the Militia, where he "had satisfied an active, cheerful mind" rather easily. The father of one of its heroines, however, died in action "abroad." As he had previously saved the life of his Colonel "in a camp fever," the latter adopts his orphan. But we merely hear of him as being the best of men, trying warm baths in vain to cure his deafness, and being overruled in his choice of an olive-green

shawl for Jane Fairfax's ancient card-playing grandmamma.

Last, yet first in the estimation of more than one of the best critics, comes *Persuasion*, one long eulogy of the Navy which won Trafalgar. Every page attests the praise of Mr. Joseph Conrad for "those who go down to the sea in ships" to have been due then as now with our fleet vigilant, a mystery in the cold gray North.

This is the most personal of all the stories, in its pathetic half-confidences. For it is surely no mere romantic fancy that the "unknown" of Jane's own brief incomplete romance may have been one of the comrades of her popular brothers. All that is certain is that a fortunate man found favor in the bright hazel eyes of a living Elizabeth Bennet, and that death forced him to break his promise of coming to see her, after a sunlit summer meeting on the Cobb at Lyme Regis, where Golden Cap looks down upon a sapphire sea. Jane Austen "never told her love," never "unlocked her heart with a sonnet-key," or in her own "dear style" in prose. Yet despite its happy ending, *Persuasion* does contain one plea for a woman's right other than the arid vote for which some clamored in the remote dim yesterday and have clamored still despite the noise of war. "All the privilege I claim for my sex—it is not an enviable one, you need not covet it—is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone." Many who will mourn till the sea gives up her dead echo the words of patient Anne Elliot in this hour of heavy bereavement.

There is not one of the group of sailors in *Persuasion* who is not absolute flesh and blood. It is no case of "Admirals All," though Admiral Croft at once inspires our warm regard. Even that vainest of all old bores and beaux, Sir Walter Elliot,

concedes that "if his man had the arrangement of his hair he would not object to be seen with him," whilst Anne is ready with the interesting information that he was "Rear-Admiral of the White in the Trafalgar Action." He was what was called in his own day an "old tough," and his art criticism is amusing when, like Anne, we meet him in Milson Street, Bath.

He was standing by himself at a printshop window, with his hands behind him, in earnest contemplation of some print, and she not only might have passed him unseen, but was obliged to touch as well as to address him before she could catch his notice. When he did perceive and acknowledge her, however, it was done with his usual frankness and good humor. "Ha! is it you? . . . Here I am, you see, staring at a picture. I can never get by this shop without stopping. But what a thing here is, by way of a boat! Do look at it. Did you ever see the like? What queer fellows your fine painters must be, to think anyone would venture their lives in such an old cockleshell as that? And yet here are two gentlemen stuck up in it mightily at their ease, and looking about them at the rocks and mountains, as if they were not to be upset the next moment, which they certainly must be. I wonder where that boat was built!" laughing heartily; "I would not venture over a horsepond in it."

His brother-in-law, Captain Wentworth of the frigate *Laconia*, was born lucky and made rich by prize-winning to the comfortable extent of twenty thousand pounds, for such were the golden possibilities, "when little Boney he came down." Lord Brabourne's estimate of this hero is extraordinary enough.

As to Captain Wentworth, we are really told so little, there is nothing to say, except that he was a most

faithful lover, but would have been wise if he had not waited so long before letting the object of his affections know such was the case. Not a word can be said against Captain Wentworth, and I sincerely hope that he and his Anne lived happily for the rest of their lives.

Yet Jane Austen's delicate art was exquisitely employed to show us that Frederick Wentworth was not an angel but a man. He who could flirt hard with Louisa Musgrove had surely kept his hand in, during the years of separation, after poor Anne had yielded to persuasion. It was Anne who was constant, and yet sweet enough to forgive, when the conviction of what a pearl this gentle woman was stole gradually upon him. Yet he scarcely knew his own heart till he found it beating jealously because of the heir to the Elliot title, who had "breathed a wish" to Anne that her "name might never change." He came home to get married, and to set the flighty Miss Musgroves buying a Navy List in which to trace his triumphant progress "without influence." He proclaimed that "a little beauty, a few smiles, and I am a lost man," yet added to prove himself no fool that he did require "a strong mind, with sweetness of manner."

Miss Austen lingers with loving accuracy over naval details. Captain Wentworth's listeners were horrified to hear that his first ship, the *Asp*, was unseaworthy when he was sent with her to the West Indies.

The Admiralty [he continued] entertain themselves now and then, with sending a few hundred men to sea in a ship not fit to be employed. But they have a great many to provide for, and among the thousands who may just as well go to the bottom as not, it is impossible for them to distinguish the very set who may be least missed. . . . Ah, she was a dear old *Asp* to me. She did all that I

wanted. I knew she would. I knew that we should either go to the bottom together or that she would be the making of me, and I never had two days of foul weather all the time I was at sea with her, and after taking privateers enough to be very entertaining, I had the good luck, on my passage home the next autumn, to fall in with the very French frigate I wanted. I brought her into Plymouth, and here was another instance of luck. We had not been six hours in the Sound when a gale came on which lasted four days and nights, and which would have done for the poor old *Asp* in half the time; our touch with the Great Nation not having much improved our condition. Four-and-twenty hours later, and I should only have been a gallant Captain Wentworth in a small paragraph at one corner of the newspapers, and being lost only in a sloop, nobody would have thought about me.

As if a second time to escape the reproof of thinking all naval officers like her own brothers, Miss Austen refers to a poor specimen of a midshipman, the "thick-headed, unprofitable Dick Musgrove." Dick died young, and it is a pretty touch that his mourning mother was consoled by the certainty he would have grown up exactly like Captain Wentworth, the brilliant.

Captain Harville is another happy study, with his kindliness, his domesticity, and his hospitality. And if Miss Austen's sly humor peeps out in delineating the Byronic and sentimental Captain Benwick, she does not forget to give us assurance that he was "zealous and active as an officer," although he does irritate fretful Mrs. Charles Musgrove because "He will sit poring over his book, and not know when a person speaks to him or when one drops one's scissors (!)." That this adorer of *The Bride of Abydos* should become the

bridegroom of the unliterary Louisa is admirably true to life. His inclination to fall in love with Anne might have won him our respect if he had not got over it with such celerity. The variety of these sailors in *Persuasion* is the strong point ignored by Lord Brabourne when he dismisses them casually as "pleasant." Captain Benwick indeed narrowly escapes belonging to the immortal band of the bores of Jane Austen. He is introduced in deep mourning for the charming Fanny Harville, and inspires general sympathy by his despair.

They had been a year or two waiting for fortune and promotion. Fortune came, his prize-money as lieutenant being great: promotion too came at last, but Fanny Harville did not live to know it. . . . Captain Wentworth believed it impossible for a man to be more attached to a woman than poor Benwick had been to Fanny Harville, or be more deeply afflicted under the dreadful change.

"And yet," said Anne to herself, as they now moved forward to meet the party, "he has not perhaps a more sorrowing heart than I have. I cannot believe his prospects so blighted forever. He is younger than I am; younger in feeling if not in fact; younger as a man. He will rally again, and be happy with another."

Anne showed discernment. "Though shy, he was not reserved." He soon began to confide in her. They discussed the respective merits of *Marmion* and *The Giaour*, and

he showed himself so intimately acquainted with all the tenderest songs of the one poet, and all the impassioned descriptions of hopeless agony of the other; he repeated with such tremulous feeling the various lines which imaged a broken heart, or a mind destroyed by wretchedness, that she ventured to hope he did not always read only poetry, and to say it was the misfortune of poetry that

it could be seldom safely enjoyed by those who enjoyed it most completely. His looks showed him not pained but pleased.

Anne then recommended books "to fortify the mind."

"Captain Benwick listened attentively," as well he might to such an attractive counselor.

and seemed grateful for the interest implied, and though with a shake of the head, and sighs which declared his little faith in the efficacy of any books on grief like his, noted down the names.

Anne gauged his constancy accurately. He was soon seen rattling with Charles Musgrove with such keen interest that that sportsman almost forgave him for being literary and for teaching his sister the elements of Byron and Scott.

The only soldier in *Persuasion*, Colonel Wallis, is a mere walking gen leman "of a fine military figure though sandy-haired," and famous only as the husband of a beauty. From its beginning to its twice-written last chapter this is a chronicle of lasses who loved sailors. They are so attractive that delightful Anne, before she is made happy, may be excused for sighing as she left the Harvilles with the reflection "These would all have been my friends."

Louisa, by whom she found herself walking, burst forth into raptures of admiration and delight on the character of the Navy, their friendliness, their brotherliness, their openness, their uprightness; protesting that she was convinced of sailors having more worth and warmth than any set of men in England, and that they only knew how to live, and deserved to be respected and loved.

For once it is Jane Austen speaking, and not Louisa Musgrove.

Two conclusions result from even a

glance at the Services as depicted in the pages of the evergreen novels. The serious Army officers of today, bereft of all pomp and circumstance, have little in common with the soldiers of Jane Austen in their scarlet and gold. Their mentality has changed with their costs. The home-staying Militiaman of old is an obsolete type. In his place we proudly acclaim the Territorials with the elect already wearing their hard-won cross "For Valor," the many the golden stripe telling of wounds won with honor and endured with noble patience.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

But we see with surprise that her sailors might be sons of today. They are perfectly modern in their ideas, if not in their science. Admiral Croft would at once have been dug out for active service in the event of war. William Price would have been at once at home on board a submarine, and Captain Wentworth would have been in his element at the Battle of Jutland. That their descendants have proved themselves of the same stout calibre is a matter for heartfelt thankfulness.

Lilian Rowland-Brown.
(Rowland Grey).

MOHAMMED'S COFFIN.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER III.

The Squire's turn came next. The apathetic Selma had so far bestirred herself as to mount upon the high back of a library chair, to reach down the second volume of a novel she was reading. Isolation upon this pedestal displayed the lines of her fine figure to admiration, and, though he would dearly have liked to stay and feast his eyes on them, the Squire slipped noiselessly out of the room instead to summon Edwin, who was just outside. "That should bring him to the scratch though nothing else does!" meditated the artful old boy, his thoughts becoming legible on his countenance. "Here, Edwin! I want you."

The young man's pleasant voice replied from a recess in the corridor. "All right, dad! I'll be with you in a moment, as soon as I have helped Ruth to wind this skein."

And, sure enough, the operation did not take long. Yet, long before it was completed, Selma had stepped down from her perch; and so the Squire was put to the trouble of inventing a reason for having summoned his son.

Things were beginning to grow serious. Days became weeks, and weeks were stretching to months, and still the three young people continued to live on together, side by side, in undisturbed amity. Though by nature a lover of peace in the household, there was nothing that Mrs. Fairfield now so eagerly looked out for as the symptoms of tiffs, of bickerings, feuds and heart-burning. How inhumanly glad she would have been (the unnatural mother that she had become!) to see her Edwin distraught, downcast, absorbed in melancholy thought! For the first and last time in her life, the failure of his appetite would have been a joy to her. But he remained the picture of serenity, inclining, alas! to joyousness far more than sadness, and obviously appreciating home cookery. The girls were no greater comfort to her. What would she not have given to see Selma's eyes flash? And though habitually sleepy, one felt that they *could* flash. But, like the spark in the flint, or the glow in an opal, their fires remained latent. Of Ruth, too, she knew that, unself-assertive as that

maiden was, so long as all went smoothly, she was quite able to hold her own when called upon. The tones of Ruth's voice could be firm—ay, more than firm; but at present they were uniformly gentle. So the lover of peace in the household caught herself longing for an altercation, or exchange of felinities, and immediately afterwards was ashamed of her own unregeneracy.

Meantime her husband's thoughts were moving in the same direction as her own. He revealed this by remarking to her one evening, in the privacy of their sanctum, "Look, here, Joan, this is not going to answer—any fool can see that." The tones of his voice and the expression of his features were alike preternaturally grave, and she felt that it would be affectation on her part to feign ignorance as to what he was referring to.

"Whom do you blame?" was all she said.

But Mr. Fairfield's mood had passed beyond the point whether of teasing or recrimination. His reply was sober, and for once admirably sensible. "Wouldn't it be better to leave that question unanswered for the present, dear," he said, "and to join our forces in considering how the mistake that has been made may be rectified?"

His unwonted seriousness was not long in appealing to his wife, who, meeting him halfway, made answer warmly, "With all my heart."

"That is right, my dear," returned he; proceeding, "And now, Joan, I do not mind confessing to you that this matter, lightly as we may have treated it, lies a good deal nearer my heart than I have allowed you to guess."

Mrs. Fairfield was by this time as serious as her husband. "Let me understand you, if you please, Squire—do you refer to Edwin's marriage with Selma?"

"To Edwin's marriage!" he replied, a little loudly—testily. "To Edwin's

marriage—whether to Selma, Ruth, or to the Lord knows who! What do I care, so long as she is a good girl, one of the right sort, and he loves her?"

Mrs. Fairfield's eyes grew moist.

"What I want," the plain, elderly man went on earnestly, "is to see our son settled. He has chosen his career, and he chose like the good, unselfish lad he is. But if once we allow him to go back to that *estancia* alone, particularly after what he wrote to you, we cannot tell where he may cast his eyes. You do not know what an obsession marriage is to a young man, Joan, when once his mind is given up to it. It is a sort of fascination, not to be resisted, and you may stake your bottom dollar now that marry he will, though there were but one single woman in the countryside and she was a mixture of wolverine and women's rightist!" Some of the Squire's prejudices were painfully antiquated.

"What is to hinder him from marrying—will you tell me that, John?" answered the good lady, just a trifle nettled by her husband's last allusion. "What is to hinder him from marrying, if he wants to marry? Here are two nice girls in the house, for him to play with all day long; and if there is not a larger choice, it is no fault of mine; for he not only declines to go into society, but has repeatedly discouraged me from asking other girls here."

"Has he so? Well, I can quite understand it."

"Then, *que faire?*"

"That is what we have now to consider." And the worthy man composed himself, very much as he might have done previous to laying some weighty statement of policy before the members of a Parish Council.

"The position of our son at this moment," he went on, "is exactly that of 'Mohammed's Coffin,' which, according to the Eastern fable, hangs

forever suspended between heaven and earth, being acted on by equal and opposite attractions."

He paused. In despite of herself, Mrs. Fairfield hung admiringly upon his words. It had been a dream of her early life that he should enter Parliament. He noticed this, was gratified by it, and proceeded—his manner, as he did so, preserving an even balance between talking down to his audience and declining to take himself too seriously.

"What we have to aim at, then, is to put an end to this unprogressive state—this undesirable condition of equilibrium, rest, or, as I may call it, virtual paralysis. But how is that to be done?"

Mistaking what was merely a rhetorical device for an actual question, his wife, in her simplicity, was about to answer him.

But he prevented her. "It must be done, in the first place, as the classical author puts it, *suaviter in modo*——"

"You know, John, I do not understand Greek."

"That is, without upsetting the apple-cart."

"All-important, indeed."

"And, secondly, it can be done in one of two ways—either by withdrawing a factor from the situation, or by adding one."

"I follow you. You mean, either by sending one of these girls away, or by inviting another?"

Mr. Fairfield nodded.

But the momentary fascination of his oratory had already palled, leaving his wife in renewed possession of her old independence of judgment. "Then I do not agree with you," she objected, "for to invite another girl would merely complicate things; whilst if we are to send one away, how on earth decide which one it is to be?"

The Squire was silent; he had not reckoned upon opposition.

"Can you honestly tell me, Squire, that you have, on the whole, observed a grain of preference on our son's part for either of these young women?"

"I believe he likes them both very well," answered Fairfield lamely.

"Granted! But do you believe that he likes one better than the other?"

"I can't say I do."

So this council ended, as so many councils do, very much where it had begun; except that it had promoted a better understanding, if not actual unanimity, between the Squire and Squires.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus the old course of things was resumed. The two girls continued to appeal to each other, to confide in one another, to be the best of friends; whilst on his part, Edwin continued to divide his attentions between them as impartially as does Don Ottavio, in the opera, between the ladies Anna and Elvira. The three young people were happy, there was little doubt of that—as happy as the day is long. But the two elders were not.

The Squire, who had many different ways of being tiresome, had embarked on an entirely new rôle. He became plaintive, whilst refusing to complain. Thus, after standing in silent contemplation by the window, he would turn to his wife and say gently, "It has been in our family close upon two hundred years, Joan, the old Demesne has; and I *should* have liked to see an heir to it—one of my own blood. Ah, well——" There he broke off.

The words hurt Mrs. Fairfield almost as much as if she had been a childless woman and they had been addressed to her by way of reproach. What could she do? She had even gone so far as to withdraw to her own room, lock the door, and ask herself this question, not without tears. What could she do? The voices of the two girls, heard

from without, seemed an ironic comment on her question.

"Edwin! Edwin!" she heard one say, "I am not nearly ready yet"; followed by the other's, "Edwin! Edwin! you *must* wait for Selma."

They were about to start on a picnic expedition in the pony-carriage, taking fishing-rods and sketching materials with them, and the pony did not relish standing. "Why, oh, why could not Edwin, just for once in his life, forgetting all courtesy and chivalry, whip up and drive away, with the punctual Ruth at his side, as if bound for Gretna Green? There would be some romance in that!"

But through the open bedroom window, she could hear her son's equable tones, as he replied, "Take your own time! The day's still young, and I'm quite comfortable here."

Mrs. Fairfield, however, was not the sort of woman to give way to idle tears, or find a solace in them. Whilst there's life there's hope, was one of her maxims; so she must e'en be up and doing. Edwin was leaving home for a day or two, to meet Tom Coxeter, another of the partners in the *estancia*, who happened to be in England, and she determined to profit by his absence to "pump" Selma. (Though theoretically abhorring slang, she would sometimes condescend to it, as a concession to the rising generation.) Somehow she did not think this would be difficult. And though bound to Ruth, as much by opposition to the Squire as by original preference, she chose Selma as the subject of her experiment.

Confident in her own tact and clever way of dealing with girls, she called Miss Durell into the boudoir, and put the question to her almost point-blank, "Selma, my dear, I want you to tell me—has Edwin said anything to you?" The tones of her voice were

insinuating, rep'ete with covert meaning—surely irresistible!

But, to her astonishment, Selma, was quite equal to the occasion. Her features became almost hard and her voice toneless, as, feigning obtuseness, she made answer dully, "Naturally, he has said a great deal to me—he and I and Ruth have been so much together."

There was silence. Then, repulsed though she felt herself to be, Mrs. Fairfield persisted, though with less confidence than before, "Dearest Selma you know what I mean!"

The Juno-like beauty remained obstinately silent.

Mrs. Fairfield went on: "I feel that, as his mother, I have a right to ask you this." Surely that would bring her to book?

Not a bit of it! All that Selma said was, "Very well, then, dear Mrs. Fairfield, all that I can say is this—that I also feel I have a right not to reply unless I choose."

The tones of her voice were now no longer colorless—there was coldness, hauteur, arrogance in them. And, for a moment, relations between the two women were dangerously strained.

But Mrs. Fairfield's dignity came to her rescue. "As you please, dear," she answered, as if unperturbed; "I dare say you know best."

And the storm passed by without breaking. But it left poor Joan Fairfield terribly *intriguée*. From the attitude Selma had taken up, it seemed perfectly certain to the poor perplexed mother that there had been a passage of courtship, of some sort or other, between her son and the Junonian. She would have given worlds to know its precise nature! Could Selma possibly have refused—repulsed her own Edwin? It was unthinkable. And yet, basing her inference upon the girl's manner, that was the conclusion to which she was driven. At her wits'

end, as it were, and "carried about by every wind of doctrine," there was a moment when she would fain have made a confidant of the Squire. But here her pride stepped in. What! was she to allow her lord and master the satisfaction of crowing over her, even though his triumph were to prove ill-founded and short-lived? No, she could not bring her mind to that.

That night she slept little. Next morning, while they were all at breakfast, a telegram was brought her.

Chambers's Journal.

(*To be concluded.*)

A NEW COSMOGONY.

Problems of origin are notoriously difficult, and should come last, not first. But the mind keeps turning to them, like the moth to the candle (though the compelling tropism is not so fatal), asking what was the origin of man, of back-boned animals, of living creatures, of sex, of language, of the earth, of the solar system, and so on—in never-ending "Whence?" Zoologists continue with eager conviction to construct genealogical trees, though they know all the time that the axe is already sharpened which will be laid at their roots. An erudite botanical evolutionist, Professor Lotsy, who has spent a considerable part of his life in working out organic pedigrees, recants them all in a recent book (*Evolution by Hybridization*, 1916) declaring phylogeny or the reconstruction of what has happened in the past to be "no science, but a product of fantastic speculation." We make no doubt, however, that before many years have passed Professor Lotsy will be back at his genealogical trees. As well could Jack do without his beanstalk! In spite of our self-denying ordinances, we cannot keep away from genealogies, for that is what it

In country-houses of the more old-fashioned kind telegrams are public property.

"From Edwin?" queried the Squire, glancing across the table at his wife; whilst, of the two young ladies, neither made the smallest effort to conceal her interest in the answer.

"Yes, from Edwin," replied Mrs. Squire; adding, with all the pride engendered by a monopoly of interesting information, "he is returning here tonight, and bringing Mr. Coxeter with him."

comes to, and there is no reason why we should refrain, if only we learn from past errors, and avoid the snares of false simplicity and premature convincedness. In this respect a noteworthy change has in recent years come over cosmogony. As a modern astronomer puts it: "Having renewed its youth by the introduction of definite principles and exact methods, cosmogony has recently taken on such vigor that it promises to become the most majestic of the sciences. Nothing is more worthy of the attention of philosophers than the study of the great laws of the physical universe, and the marvelous processes of development by which the beauty and order of the cosmos came about." Without going into detail, we wish to make plain the general idea of one of the recent ventures in cosmogony—Professor T. C. Chamberlin's story of how the earth came into being (*The Origin of the Earth*, 1916).

No one can forget the thrill of first acquaintance with the Nebular Hypothesis, surely one of the grandest genetic pictures that the scientific imagination has ever thrown upon the screen. According to Laplace's famous

form of the theory (1796), the solar system was once a gigantic glowing gaseous mass, spinning slowly around its center. As the incandescent cloud of gas cooled, and the speed of rotation increased, it broke up into separate whirling rings, each of which became, in the course of disruption and subsequent condensation, a planet, the central mass persisting as the sun. Laplace spoke of his ideas as "conjectures which I present with all the distrust which everything not the result of observation or of calculation ought to inspire." But if the progress of astronomy has discredited part of Laplace's conjecture, and even the conception of the nebula as *gaseous*, there has been no essential departure from the central idea that the solar system has differentiated from a condition like that presented by many of the nebulae visible in the heavens today. In support of the Nebular Hypothesis it was pointed out that the larger planets move round the sun nearly in the same plane, and that they and the five hundred minor planets all move in the same direction. Telescopic photographs show nebulae (as in Andromeda) breaking up into rings and these into beads, very much as the hypothesis conjectured. The application of spectrum analysis to nebulae by Sir William Huggins afforded further confirmation, for the results indicated that there were present-day nebulae composed of incandescent gas, as Laplace conjectured for the nebula that gave origin to the solar system. Subsequent studies showed, however, that some present-day nebulae—the spiral nebulae—are not gaseous, but are comparable to star clusters. This is one of the facts that indicated the imperative need for revising that form of the Nebular Hypothesis that has for its central idea a cloud of incandescent gas. Another difficulty was in understand-

ing how the material of a gaseous ring could come to condense into a planet. It was also difficult to account for the persistent luminosity of material so diffuse as the gas of a nebula which would naturally cool down rapidly. Besides these there are many other difficulties. We may refer to Professor J. W. Gregory's little masterpiece, *The Making of the Earth*.

So it came about that the picture of a gaseous nebula gave place to that of a meteoritic one. This was indicated in Tait's early suggestion (1879) that a comet was a traveling swarm of meteorites whose constant collisions with one another produced the luminosity. Sir Norman Lockyer's form of the meteoritic hypothesis (1890) is one of the best known. The earth is gathering to herself millions of meteorites every day; in early days the accretion was vastly more rapid and voluminous; and so the earth has grown. But a fundamental difficulty is to account for the beginning of the collecting center or planetary nucleus. "Meteorites are seen to be plunging through space with various velocities in various directions and in a very sporadic way, except as they are the relics of dispersed comets which are themselves scarcely less erratic." Their velocities imply a dispersive rather than a segregative tendency; they do not appear to fall in from any one direction in particular, which is unpromising if a disk-like arrangement of the planetary revolutions is to be accounted for; and, as Professor Chamberlin goes on to say, "meteorites have rather the characteristics of the wreckage of some earlier organization than of the parentage of our planetary system."

Another type of theory was initiated by Buffon's suggestion more than a century ago, that our planetary system may have arisen from the collision of a great comet with

the sun. Although this crude form of collisional theory is untenable, it has had its successors. Encounters certainly occur in the heavens, and speculation as to the subsequent possibilities of reorganization is very interesting. But Professor Chamberlin points out that anything in the way of a *center-to-center* collision could not possibly yield the conditions of things we are familiar with in our solar system. "The result of the collision must yield a central mass of the magnitude of our sun; this must be surrounded at once or ultimately by eight rather large masses and a multitude of small masses, all in subcircular revolutions. These smaller masses must together equal about 1-745th of the total mass. This small factor must carry 98 per cent of the moment of momentum of the whole system." Moreover, "the intensity of dispersion and its divergent radial nature are serious difficulties in the way of forming a plausible hypothesis of the formation of a planetary system such as ours as the sequel of a *glancing* collision." It seems, then, that the coming to be of our system is not readily referable to the centrifugal separation of rings from a rotating gaseous nebula, nor to a condensing swarm of meteorites, nor to the reorganization following some big collision. Where, then, are we to look?

Professor Chamberlin takes us back to an orbital nebular mass which formed a central body—the sun—and a planetary brood its offspring. But there are "unmistakable signs of another parent," for the dynamic features of the sun and of the "planetary brood" display two very distinct genetic strains. That the other parent operated by collision is improbable in the case of our planetary system. Some "milder" mode must be thought of, and a hint of its character was supplied long ago by Roche's mathe-

matical study of satellites. What Chamberlin has done is to develop the idea of dynamic encounter *without* collision. The sun has a persistent eruptive tendency of great power, often shooting out great bolts of its substance. "If suitable strong stimulus from without were brought to bear on the sun, such as the differential attraction of a passing star, it would respond with eruptions of much greater intensity and mass." This, then, was the other parent—a passing star; and its action is paralleled in the familiar lifting force of the moon's tidal pull. We may indeed speak of the tidal genesis of the planets. It is an exhilarating exercise, in somewhat rare atmosphere, to follow the fates of various hypothetical outshoots, both towards the passing star and in the opposite direction, which would result from near approach or from distant approach, from the passing of a small star or of a big star. We talk of the unexpectedness of "a bolt from the blue"; here we have to do with the dynamical expectations of sunbolts. There might be, for instance, competing star-suitors evoking dual responses from the sun. But the picture that fascinates is that in certain definable conditions a series of sun-bolts shot out in succession would result in spiral nebulae of which there is a multitude in the cosmos of today, and that the peculiar features of the two arms of these spiral nebulae are "admirably explained by the assigned tidal genesis." From a succession of relatively small spiral nebulae, heaved off from the sun by the attraction of passing stars, our planetary system may have originated.

What is pictured as the origin of the earth is a relatively small spiral nebula, like many now observable, the outcome of a dynamic encounter between the eruptive sun and a passing star. In the beginning was "a stream-

ing knotty pair of arms of nebulous matter shot out from the sun and curved into spiral appendages about it by the joint pull of itself and a passing star." Of great genetic importance were the "knots," which served as collecting centers, arresting the flying matter that fell into them and actually drawing flying matter into their clutches. Whatever part of the primitive bolt escaped from the control of the knot and scattered was drawn out into independent orbits around the sun, and formed the "planetesimals," small bodies—whether atoms, molecules, or aggregates—which behave like minute planets. These planetesimals formed the food on which the knots subsequently fed. "The juvenile shaping of the

The New Statesman.

earth may be said to have begun as soon as planetesimals commenced to plunge into the earth-knot of the nebula, and both knot and planetesimals began to gather into a dense body. The drawing of an atmosphere close about the young earth commenced almost simultaneously. The gathering of the primitive waters into the hollows of the earth-surface soon followed. These three concurrent activities were master-processes in the growth of the infantile earth; they were the geologic triumvirate. They wrought together toward the earth's final shaping into the lithosphere, the hydrosphere, and the atmosphere." But this is only a sketch of a contribution to cosmogony which is as elaborate in its working-out as it is ingenious in conception.

X.

THE PICTURE POSTCARDS.

A little family party, with an acquaintance or two added, sat in deck chairs (at twopence each) at the head of the pier. Their complexions proved that there had been sun at Brightbourne in some strength. Their noses were already peeling a little, and the ladies had bright scarlet patches in the V of their blouses. To supply any defects in the entertainment provided by the ocean itself they had brought paper-covered novels, the two most popular illustrated dailies and chocolate. The boy and girl shared *Roaring Chips* or some such comic weekly. The father and his gentleman-friend smoked their pipes. All were placid and contented, extending their limbs to receive every benediction that sun and sea air could confer.

A little desultory conversation having occurred—"There's a lady at our boarding-house," said one of the acquaintances, "who reads your hand

wonderfully," a languid argument following on palmistry, in which one of the gentlemen disbelieved, but the other had had extraordinary experiences of the accuracy of the science—the mother of the boy and girl suddenly remembered that not yet had postcards been sent to Auntie and Uncle, Gus and Beatty, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Venning.

"We promised, you know," she said guiltily.

"Better late than never," said the father's friend jocularly.

"That's right," said the father.

"Come along," said the gentleman-friend to the boy and girl, "we'll go and choose the cards. There's a stall close by," and off they started.

"Don't let them see everything," the prudent mother called out, having some acquaintance with the physical trend of the moment in postcard humor, which has lost nothing in the general moral enfranchisement brought

about by the War, one of the most notable achievements of which is the death and burial of *Mrs. Grundy*.

"Go on!" said the boy, with all the laughing scorn of youth. "We've seen them all already."

"You can't keep kids from seeing things nowadays," said the father sententiously. "Bring them up well and leave the rest to chance, is what I say."

"Very wise of you," remarked one of the lady-friends. "Besides, aren't all things pure to the pure?"

Having probably a very distinct idea as to the purity of many of the postcards which provide Brightbourne with its mirth, the father made no reply, but turned his attention to the deep-water bathers as they dived and swam and climbed on the raft and tumbled off it. . . .

"Well, let's see what you've got," said the mother as the foraging party returned.

"We've got some beauties," said the daughter—"real screams, haven't we, Mr. Gates?"

"Yes, I think we selected the pick of the bunch," said Mr. Gates complacently, speaking as a man of the world who knows a good thing when he sees it.

"My husband's a rare one for fun," said his wife. "A regular connoozer."

"There's a pretty girl at the postcard place," said the boy. "Mr. Gates, didn't half get off with her, did you?"

Mr. Gates laughed the laugh of triumph.

"She's not bad-looking," he said, "but not quite my sort. Still ——" He stroked his mustache.

"Now, Fred," said Mrs. Gates archly, "that'll do; let's see the cards."

"This one," said the girl, "is for Gus. He's been called up, you know, so we got him a military one. You see that girl the soldier's squeezing?

She's rather like his young lady, you know, and it says, 'Come down to Brightbourne and learn how to carry on.' Gus'll show it to her."

The mother agreed that it was well chosen.

"Where's Beatty's?" she asked.

"Here's Beatty's," said the boy; "I chose it. The one with the shrimp on it. It says, 'At Breezy Brightbourne. From one giddy young shrimp to another.' Jolly clever, isn't it? And this is for Mr. Hatton, because he's so fond of beer. You see there's a glass of beer, and it says underneath, 'Come where the girls are bright and the tonic's all right.' There was another one with a bottle called 'The Spirit of Brightbourne,' but we thought beer was best."

"What about Uncle?" the mother asked.

"Oh!" said the girl, "there's a lovely one for him. Three men on their hands and knees licking up the whisky spilt from broken bottles."

"Good Heavens!" said the father, "you can't send him that."

"I think not," said the mother. "If you sent Uncle that, all the fat would be in the fire."

"It's very funny," said the boy.

"Funny, yes," said the father. "But funniness can be very dangerous. Good Heavens!" and he mopped his brow, "you gave me quite a turn."

"Very well, who shall we give it to?" the boy asked. "We mustn't waste it."

"I don't care who has it so long as it's not your Uncle," said the father. "And what have you got for your Aunt Tilly?"

"This one," said the girl. "An old maid looking under the bed for a man and hoping she'll find one."

"Goodness, Maria!" said the father, "are your children mad? The idea of sending such a thing to Tilly!"

"But she is an old maid," said the girl.

"Of course she is," said the father. "That's the mischief."

"Well, there's rather a good one where a wife is going through her husband's trousers and saying, 'Bright-bourne's the place for change,'" said the girl. "Would that suit?"

"Of course not," snapped her father.

"Or the one where the bed is full of fleas?" the boy suggested.

"No jokes about fleas," said the father sternly. "No, you must change those for something else. Don't be funny at all, with either your Uncle or Aunt. We can't run any risks. Send them local views—colored ones, of course, but strictly local."

"Mr. Gates helped us," said the boy meanly.

"Mr. Gates doesn't know all the facts," said the father.

"He can guess one or two of them," said Mr. Gates, jingling his pocket.

"Fred is so quick," said his admiring wife.

"Well, and what are the others?" Punch.

the mother asked. "There's Mr. Brown and Mrs. Venning. Why shouldn't Mr. Brown have the whisky one? I'm sure he'd laugh. But you couldn't send Mrs. Venning the old maid."

"We got this for Mr. Brown," said the boy. "The nurse bringing the father twins and calling them two 'pink forms.'"

"That's dashed good," said Mr. Gates, "don't you think?"

"Very smart," said the father. "That's all right. And what about Mrs. Venning?"

"Well," said the girl, "we thought she'd like this one—a man and a woman kissing in a tunnel, and he says the tunnel cost ten thousand pounds to make, and she says it's worth it, every penny."

"Very good," said the father; "I like that. Get me another of those and I'll send it to a friend of mine in the City. And I'll go to the shop myself and help you to choose the local views for your Uncle and Aunt Tilly. It's a case where care is necessary."

DISHONORABLE "HONORS."

Lord Selborne deserved the general thanks he got for again calling public attention to the sale of honors. It is not the first time that Lord Selborne has raised this matter in the House of Lords. The truth is that what has long been a public evil has recently developed into a public scandal. Last January "The Outlook" urged that in the future the reason for the granting of any honor should be officially given; and pointed out that the only possible objection to that course was that either those recommending the Sovereign to give the distinction in question or the person receiving it—if possible both—would be ashamed

to have the truth told. But there is no good ground for putting politicians and their satellites in any more favored position in this respect than soldiers and sailors, except that in this, as in other things, the politicians make the rules of the game to suit their own devious ways.

The debate in the House of Lords did not develop any serious contradiction of the facts alleged by Lord Selborne. Lord Curzon, in the words of the *Morning Post*, affected an air of "pompous ignorance." Other no less noble Lords treated the matter with some levity; and wrongly, because it is one which closely affects the Throne.

But no sane person—no person who is not ignorant on account of living so far above or so far below the ordinary twentieth-century mortal—has any doubt that many people who get titles pay money to party funds—and would not get the said titles unless they did so.

The fact is that the desire for some distinction which will mark one out from and place one above one's fellow-man is essentially human. In some countries where there is no fount of honor which bestows "handles" to put before the name, the craving is well developed, and the competition is keen for pieces of ribbon to wear in the buttonhole. In countries where even the distinctive ribbon is unavailable, the individual falls back on giving himself some military, judicial, or other title (often spurious either in its origin or its degree) to indicate some fixed position in the social hierarchy. For although a desire for honorific distinctions may be undemocratic, it assuredly is not unrepugnant.

It is the same in this country. Peel was probably only putting into words the feelings of his predecessors and successors when, in writing to Croker about the demand for titles, he said, "The voracity for these things quite surprises me. I wonder people do not begin to feel the distinction of an unadorned name."

But as the "demand" for these things will always exist, it is very natural that those controlling the party machine, which to some extent influences the supply, would think it proper to keep it in funds by the sale of these baubles. We quite agree that if the transaction were one solely

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between the party organization and the party follower who was to be "honored," there could be no objection whatever. The latter might call himself a baronet or a baron tout court, as the case might be, by grace of the Unionist or Radical Party; the machine would get the money; possibly everyone would be happy; certainly no one would be one whit the worse. But it is a very different matter when the title is given in the name of the Sovereign. Doubtless in the days of the Stuarts a king occasionally sold a title directly. That was a comparatively honest transaction—much more honest than those which we now witness several times a year.

The present system has grown slowly. Queen Victoria never hesitated to express her unwillingness to grant what she considered an undeserved or inadvisable distinction. Nevertheless, in his review of her reign Mr. Sidney Lee admits that "the distribution of titles and honors became in a larger degree than in former days an integral part of party politics from participation in which the Sovereign was almost entirely excluded.

But in the last ten years the custom has been further extended along the same lines. It is unnecessary to instance "honors" which, for one reason or another, excited general criticism and reprobation: some of them are so recent as to be fresh in the recollection of the country. But it is beyond contradiction that it is high time to put some check on this vicious system, if for no other reason than that it enables politicians to make use of the Sovereign for their own selfish interests and to the detriment of the country.

A.

CENTRAL KITCHENS.

The intelligent woman in every walk of life is beginning to question that very British idea that "an Englishman's home is his castle," so deeply implanted in the mind of the average man. The day has come when women ask whether it is really economical of time, money, energy, and brains that in a street of one hundred houses there should be one hundred women forced every day of their lives to market, to prepare food, to light and stoke fires, to cook dinners and to wash up dishes, irrespective of the training they may have had for other work, of the inadequacy of their kitchen equipment, the smallness and overcrowded state of many of their homes, and of the waste involved in buying in stores daily in minute quantities. Does this custom really conduce in the most scientific and satisfactory way either to the man's comfort, to his financial benefit, or, more important still, to the health and happiness of his wife and children?

Now that women's work has come to be regarded as of real importance to the nation, it is obvious that women's energies should be set free to do the work for which they are best fitted. No one will deny that catering and cooking are arts in which expert knowledge is of tremendous value. It is essentially work for the expert; it requires real aptitude and taste, long attention and watchfulness, training and experience. It is not every woman who feels competent to cope with the real difficulty of providing two or three varied, appetizing, and economical meals each day for her family.

The central kitchen is one solution of this problem with the endless possibilities of development which it promises. Such kitchens would, first

and foremost, raise the whole standard of the national catering and cooking to the level of neighboring nations. They would not only effect valuable economies in fuel and materials (though in these days of rumors of coal famines that is important enough), but would lift a real load of anxiety and hard work from off the shoulders of women who in very many cases are staggering under the weight of home cares.

In Manchester central kitchens have been started in what is probably the wisest and best possible way. They have been initiated by the Salvation Army and by private enterprise, and they have been opened first in the poorest and most crowded parts of the city. The women of Hulme, Chorlton-on-Medlock, and Ancoats have quickly shown that the starting of these kitchens has filled a real need. At each of these centers the staff has served out some two hundred meals daily between 12 and 1.30, not to be eaten then and there—there is no intention to provide for communal feeding,—but supplied ready-cooked, for the people to have in their own homes.

This scheme could with advantage become much more general. In every district of the city local committees of women could be formed to organize and start such kitchens on their own behalf. In this way the needs and tastes of each section of the community would be catered for, and the middle-class and professional woman would benefit equally with what is very unreasonably and exclusively called the working woman. There is no class of woman now who is not working, and perhaps none is working harder or at more disadvantage than the wife of the man earning, say, from £3 to £4 a week, with several young

children, and "appearances to keep up." There are no blocks of flats in Manchester, as in London and elsewhere, situated in large gardens with a common restaurant below, where the servants work no more than eight hours a day, where the food is bought wholesale and co-operative dividends are paid to the consumers, where the coal is bought by contract and the service is supplied. Many people wish there were such flats; but failing this, what a comfort it would be to many a woman if, instead of going every morning to an over-heated kitchen to interview a hot, overworked legitimately discontented, and probably inefficient maid-of-all-work, she could go to the nearest telephone, ring up her central kitchen, inquire the menu for the day, and give her order, knowing that at the appointed time a tricycle cart or some such conveyance, with the necessary heat-retaining appliances (probably on the hay-box principle), fitted with casseroles and fireproof cooking jars, would be at her door disgorging, at any rate, those items of the daily fare which need such expenditure of fuel and concentration of attention as are impossible to the woman with multifarious duties to perform, and still more impossible to the woman who, for one cause or another, is obliged to leave her home for many hours each day. There are many such nowadays, widows with young children to support, women who are called to some form of national service, professional women, and so on.

Undoubtedly such a scheme is possible. At the Garden Village, Burnage, for instance, a kitchen has already been started in a small way. There every family wishing to use the central kitchen takes up a £1 share; two meals a day are served; there is one head cook and a kitchen-maid; at present there is no arrangement for distribution, but in such a small

venture probably none is needed. There are at present 76 shareholders, and the plan is working smoothly under a local committee. Of course, in any scheme of this sort the directing or advisory committee should be popularly appointed, profit-making should be entirely barred, and the man or woman appointed as head cook should have a real knowledge of food values and such a love of the art that nothing in the way of a stereotyped dietary could result.

It is not suggested here that there should be no cooking in private houses; all those little delicacies, those special dishes popular in individual families, would still be provided by the thoughtful housewife, cooked by electricity or gas, as the case may be. It is the *pièces de résistance* of the more important meals of the day, those dishes which need tedious preparation and prolonged cooking, including so many of those "substitutes" which are being pressed upon our attention just now and which we are being urged to use—these are the dishes which would be better obtained from the central kitchen.

It is not only the economy of money which always results from communal buying that would be the aim of such kitchens; it is that economy of effort still more important to the social well-being of the nation. Labor-saving devices such as vegetable washers and peelers are far too expensive for the ordinary household, but in a co-operative system good utensils, good methods, and the use of large quantities would result in saving of expenditure in every direction. It does not need much imagination, then, to see that this simple suggestion which has arisen in England out of the necessities of the war (but to which all the developments of modern times have pointed) has in it the germ of a real social reform.

The great obstacle will probably prove to be a psychological one, and it will be more difficult to overcome than the obvious surface difficulties of detail, management, and organization. It will be found in the deep-seated prejudice which most men have that their own home is intangibly different from and superior to that of other men. However ill-managed and uncomfortable a man's domestic arrangements may be, he generally prefers to grumble at them in his own way rather than to have them improved by any agency which he suspects may touch on that fetish which is foolishly called "the sanctity of the home."

The Manchester Guardian.

In the home women's originality has always been hampered by the lack of domestic originality in men. Such sayings as "new-fangled notions" and "French kickshaws" are the sayings of men, especially of old men, who frequently use them as if they were arguments. It is this old-fashioned attitude of mind in favor of the home as an entirely self-contained establishment, run by one woman (or two, or three, or more) for the comfort of one man, that one fears may be the most serious obstacle in the path of the woman reformer who hopes to see the "central kitchen" an integral factor in every woman's life.

G. M. A.

THE PREVENTION OF WAR.*

A few weeks before this war broke out a careful student of political psychology published a book entitled "The Great Society," and the great society promptly plunged into well-nigh universal war. That ironical comment of history on philosophy seemed to negative the solidarity of the world; but the appearance was deceptive. Strife is often not merely a means to greater unity, but a symptom of its subconscious existence; and the earliest signs that men are conscious of a unity are the battles they wage over its interpretation. Our civil wars of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries were the growing pains of national unity. England was nearer to national solidarity when it was divided into two national parties, Yorkist and Lancastrian, Cavalier and Roundhead, than when its factions were parochial or provincial; and

France was growing together when its people were merging from Normans, Bretons, Gascons, Provençals, and Burgundians into Huguenots or Catholics. The American Civil War was due to a growth of the conviction that the United States could not continue to speak with two voices on the subject of slavery or exist under the multitudinous sovereignty of its various States. Perhaps even the vigor of faction in Ireland turns on the particular shade between orange and green which is to color the whole of the Emerald Isle.

That, too, is the secret of this war; it is to determine the complexion of the world, and the war is the civil war of the human race. It has become a world war, because the world has become a unity. Friction arises from proximity and not from isolation; and the United States has been swept into the vortex because there are no longer two worlds, the New and the Old, but one. The first thing a society does when it becomes self-conscious is to debate the articles of its association, and to determine the principles

*"Proposals for the Prevention of Future Wars." By Viscount Bryce and others. (George Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.)
Speeches delivered by Viscount Bryce, O. M., General Smuts, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Buckmaster, Lord Hugh Cecil, M. P., and others on May 14, 1917. (League of Nations Society Publication No. 11.)

on which it shall be governed; and the philosophy of *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* was a gauntlet thrown down on behalf of the contention that the State was Power, and that the mailed fist and shining armor were the arbiters of human fate. That was a challenge to the world, and the world could not remain indifferent, because it had become a great society of nations. "The world," says President Wilson (p. 51), "no longer consists of neighborhoods. The whole is linked together in a common life and interest such as humanity never saw before, and the starting of wars can never again be a private and individual matter for nations." Neutrality in this war has become an anti-social idiosyncrasy.

Internationalism has thus, so far from being a dream, been made practical politics of the most insistent character by the war; and there can be no settlement which is not a world-settlement. Even the no-settlement which a stalemate would involve would be an unsettlement of the whole world, and every nation would have to arm for a conflict more hideous than this war, after a truce more restless than the armed peace since 1870. Apart from that militarist nightmare, which so-called pacifists would plan, the war must result either in a cosmopolitanism something like the Roman Empire, with Prussia playing the part of Rome, or in a reign of law based upon consent. There is, therefore, nothing visionary or unreal in the discussion of proposals for an international organization which is the only alternative to the ills we feel or fear. Nor is there likely to be any lack of the will-to-peace, which even in Germany is tending under the stress of circumstances to supplant the will-to-power; and it was Germany that put the sand in the international machinery which before the war had worked with some success. Arbitra-

tion had made considerable strides, and most of the Great Powers had accommodated dangerous disputes during the preceding generation without recourse even to arbitration. It was only from German action or instigation that the peace of the world had much to fear; and the penalties of war are leading even the Germans themselves along the path of penance to repentance.

We can therefore agree with Lord Bryce not merely that "everyone seems to feel the approach of a supremely important moment" but also that the moment will be exceptionally favorable for the adoption of specific proposals for the prevention of future wars. It is the proposals themselves that are under consideration. They are reasonably modest and admittedly deal only with a part of the problem. In the first place, they are concerned only with international disputes and with the means of preventing international wars. But there was war in the world before there were national wars, and when national wars are brought to an end it does not follow that wars will cease. The century after the Reformation was an era of wars of religion, and when it closed at the Peace of Westphalia men may well have hoped that, with the elimination of religion as a cause of war, the reign of peace would ensue. But the ink was hardly dry on the treaties of peace when England and Holland, both of them Protestant States and both of them then republics, plunged into a war of tariffs and commerce, while France indulged in the civil wars of the Fronde. The destruction of Cromwell's militarism made no difference to English belligerency; Stuart monarchy waged Dutch wars just like the Puritan Commonwealth, and a progressive Lord Chancellor opened Parliament in 1673 with a speech on the text *Delenda est Carthago*. Germany is the latest but not the last Carthage

in the history of war, and nationalism is no more than religion the fundamental reason why men fight.

"You must," as General Simuts remarked, "begin with the hearts of men"; and no tribunal will save a world that wants to fight from fighting. Wars of religion, nationalism, and tariffs are often merely means of expressing the acquisitive and combative instincts which humanity shares with the lower creation. Men have always fought, and have only changed the methods and objectives of their fighting. Universal and permanent peace can only come with the conviction that war, so far from being "political science *par excellence*," is an intolerable method of dealing with politics, economics, or religion. It has been eliminated as a method of solving religious problems, but there is food for varied thought in the facts that religion was eliminated as a cause of war before politics or economics, and that international pacifists in Russia have already begun to shed one another's blood in disputes over local autonomy, as though pacifist Russia were no more perfect than a belligerent Ireland. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Governments in congress after this war will have more ado in keeping peace within their respective borders than in making peace between themselves; and for the prevention of those wars the proposals before us provide no sort of remedy.

They are confined to wars between nation and nation, and before the suggested tribunal for arbitration and council for conciliation of national disputes can be established it will have to be determined what a nation is, who are the nations with the right of appeal, and what are the national disputes they will be entitled or required to submit to international judgment. If, for instance, the pro-

tectorate which the Italians have just proclaimed over Albania should develop after the fashion of other protectorates, which will be the "nation" with the *locus standi* in the court of international conscience, Italy or Albania? Will the future Albanian insurgents (and it is inconceivable that there should not be insurgents in Albania against an alien government) be rebels in the eyes of international Europe or a comrade nation rightly struggling to be free? Incidentally, too, the scheme commits us by implication to a somewhat drastic treatment of the Central Empires. It requires no exuberant imagination to envisage an independent Poland after the war not quite satisfied with the position of Poles left under German jurisdiction, or a Germany discontented with that of German subjects transferred with Polish lands to Polish rule. Their kindred would presumably be precluded from assisting the "helots" in other lands except after arbitration, if arbitration were admitted; and the arbiters would have to take cognizance of the grievances alleged—that is to say, of the internal government of nations. They might be in a delicate situation; for, however clearly the rights of nationalities are asserted, and however carefully and independently of military considerations the frontiers of new Europe are drawn, they will leave millions of men and women under more or less alien governments, and the Slav-Teutonic imbroglio might be repeated in any quarter of the globe.

The truth is that international politics cannot be divorced entirely from domestic politics; Bismarck taught the Germans at home the principles his successors have applied abroad; and international peace will not be secure until the hearts of men are tuned to concord with the strangers within their gates as well as with their

fellows under other governments. As President Wilson has pointed out, proposals to prevent wars in the future depend for their success upon the nature of the peace they are designed to preserve. There is no need to fear a Holy Alliance of Sovereigns against their subjects, but it will not be so easy to avoid an international council of majorities riding somewhat roughshod over dissentient minorities. It is comparatively easy to understand how such a council, if it had existed before the war could have dealt with the Austro-Serbian dispute, but how would it have dealt with Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, or the Trentino? Would not its very success as a guardian of international peace have condemned to permanent subjection the minority peoples under the governments by which the guardians would be chosen?

It is indeed, easier, even in the climax of this war, to see how peace could be preserved by such an international arrangement than to see how that peace could be made perfect. There are many kinds of peace, and it wears a different aspect according to the point of view. There was the peace that reigned in Warsaw after a Polish insurrection, and the peace that broods over the land when men have made it a desert. We now repudiate all desire to restore the *status quo*, because the *status quo* produced the war. But if we had organized our international machinery for preventing future wars before this war broke out, should we not have been committed to the perpetuation of the *status quo*. Stillness may be peace, but what we want is peace and progress, a peace that is based on movement, and not a stereotyped repose. There is something in the German talk of biological decisions, and we cannot regard the future as nothing but a prolongation of the present.

The impossibility of a static world is indeed the problem which confronts all proposals for mere prevention. When we say that prevention is better than cure, we are thinking of diseases and their causes. But war is a symptom rather than the disease itself, and there is little use in preventing symptoms. The methods of preventive medicine are the promotion of health; they are positive rather than restrictive, and the best preventive of war is the removal of its causes and the promotion of peaceful conditions.

The war itself is promoting those peaceful conditions which could never exist so long as the people of powerful States desired war and regarded it as the only means of obtaining the "biological decisions" they considered their national right. The peace of Europe hung by a thread because of the German conviction, based on recent German history, that nothing paid Germany so well as war. The fallacy of Mr. Norman Angell's theory consisted not in his assumption that war does not pay, but in his assumption that men would recognize the fact. It is not the truth, but their view of the truth, that influences men's minds; and the fact, if it be a fact, that war does not pay is no deterrent to those who believe that it does. No nation will come out of this war under that delusion; and the causes of national wars will thereby be reduced. Nor is the danger of other than national wars really so serious. For under modern conditions the State alone can make war with any prospect of success for itself or of danger to the world at large. The history of Austria during the war shows how helpless are mere populations without the material and the organization which the State alone can provide. We may not accept Lord Hugh Cecil's dictum that nationalism is incompatible with Christianity,

but assuredly the irresponsible State, with its vast command of men and munitions and control of truth and communications, has proved an enemy to the peace of the world; and if we can eliminate wars waged by the State we can regard with comparative equanimity the lesser evils of riots, rebellions, and international strikes.

The problems of the State and of international relations are really one, and no plan for preventing national wars can succeed so long as the State remains omniscient and irresponsible. It is a German dogma and the ground on which Germans rejected arbitration, and again we are brought back to one of President Wilson's principles, that peace depends upon democracy—that is to say, upon the

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responsibility of all power. It will be a step in advance when every government is responsible to its own people; but internationalism goes farther and requires that every government shall also be responsible to the common arbitrament of an international Court. It is not nationalism that is un-Christian, but irresponsibility. The crime of which we have all been more or less guilty for generations is that we have been bent, as individuals and as States, on getting power rather than understanding and wisdom to direct it. Lord Bryce's proposals are sound enough so far as they go, but the motor will not move without its petrol; and it is the spirit which is difficult to obtain. Fortunately, the spirit of peace does not grow scarcer with the prolongation of the war.

WILL THE NAVY ACT?

Many people are now beginning to say what most people have long been thinking. We are all bewildered and gravely anxious over the naval situation. Englishmen are always slow to criticise Admiralty policy. For one thing we know just enough about "the sea affair" to be aware how technical it is, and how difficult it must be for landmen to form a sound opinion upon it. Secondly, to blame the Admiralty looks like disparaging the officers and crew of the ships, and that is the last thing any of us can wish to do. And, again, we have been brought up in a tradition of the invincibility of our maritime arm. It is our pride and mainstay; our unspoken motto is, "The Fleet can do no wrong." We feel that the great strategists and administrators who direct it, trained by actual command of its squadrons, versed in all the learning of the sea, must know better

than we what things are possible, desirable, and safe. So we have kept an uneasy silence until at length it becomes necessary to speak, and to speak plainly.

The truth is that the British Navy has failed to play that part in the Allied scheme which friends and foes alike assigned to it. Its achievements in this war have fallen as much below expectation as those of the British Army have surpassed it. Three years ago nobody would have anticipated that we should be able to put into the field a land force capable of bearing the main brunt of operations against the strongest military Power on the Continent of Europe and conduct simultaneously several minor, though still very serious, campaigns elsewhere. But everybody imagined that our Navy, with three or four other great navies to help it, would have exercised a dominating and decisive influence

upon the whole war. Our Allies are pleasantly surprised by the amazing development of our military strength and resources; they are disappointed, though they may be too polite to say so, at the comparative weakness of our maritime policy. It is true we have hunted the German commerce from blue water, and enabled millions of men, and tens of millions of tons of stores and munitions, to be transported across the seas. This is much; but it is not enough. More was looked for, and with justice.

It was believed, at home and abroad, that the naval superiority of the Allies would paralyze the maritime energy of the enemy, and go far to offset his own superiority in organization and equipment on land. An insistent and relentless offensive would shake his nerves, menace his coasts, and inflict upon him the demoralization that accompanies a feeble and ineffective strategy of defense. What human being could have imagined that in the fourth year of the war Britain, not Germany, would be on the defensive; that the British battle fleet would have only succeeded in fighting a single great naval action, and that an indecisive one; that the enemy's coasts and harbors would be immune while our own were constantly raided; that British vessels could often be sunk by hostile agency within a stone's throw of our beaches; that British commerce would be held up by a blockade which intercepted and destroyed cargo by the hundred thousand tons weekly?

The first letter of our political alphabet is that we must keep the command of the sea or perish. Have we the command of the sea? On paper, and by the rules of arithmetic, we possess it as no Power or combination of Powers ever did before. We cannot, of course, say what our present naval force is. But taking the published

pre-war figures the British, American, French, Japanese, and Italian navies count something like four times as many battleships and cruisers as the German and Austrian; and the proportion is now probably higher, for we have been building with frantic speed during the war and adding new and mightier units to that Grand Fleet which is locked away about our estuaries. It is astounding and disheartening that this overwhelming armada cannot prevent some two or three hundred German submarines from playing havoc with the world's commerce: that it can do little apparently but wait and watch, and bid us eat less food and build more merchant ships, in the hope that only some of these will be sent to the bottom. It is *we* who are on the defensive, a singularly tame and humiliating defensive for the first time almost in our naval records.

The cardinal axiom of Mahan, and every other writer of repute on maritime war, is that the function of the stronger fleet is to seize the initiative and keep it. The fight should be carried right up to the enemy's sea frontier and waged there with remorseless energy. That is what our best sailors wanted to do, and intended to do, at the outset till they were held back and turned away from the enterprise by the politicians. Here the Dardanelles Report is extremely instructive. It is evident, from the account of the famous War Council of 28 January, 1915, and from other passages, that this was the plan of action which Lord Fisher and Admiral Wilson had in mind and were preparing to execute. They opposed the Dardanelles Expedition because it would divert force from the paramount purpose. The Commissioners decline to state what the Admirals' objective was; but their references and omissions leave no doubt upon

the matter. It is plain that Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson proposed to carry the war into German waters, to set up a close blockade of the North Sea coasts, to dig out or stop up the submarine earths, perhaps to let the Navy fight its way into the Baltic, and generally to take aggressive steps of one kind or another against the enemy's bases and his fleets. It was with this end that monitors and other new and strange craft had been constructed; and it was to pave the way for these movements that the combined air and naval attack was made upon Cuxhaven, an attack which if it had been followed up and repeated again and again would have shaken Germany more than a whole series of bloody battles on the Meuse. It was never followed up. The whole offensive scheme was vetoed by the Cabinet; not merely because they wanted the ships for the Dardanelles, but because they thought the alternative policy intolerably dangerous and impracticable. But was it? Here we have a conflict of authority. On the one side were Lord Fisher, the chief professional expert, and Sir Arthur Wilson, recognized as the greatest living naval commander and strategist. These eminent sailors urged the offensive; they were overruled by a group of lawyers and party politicians and an ex-lieutenant of cavalry. The sailors resigned or sulked into silence; the amateurs and talkers abandoned the tradition of all our naval history and told their admirals—some of them, unhappily, timid men only too willing to receive the advice—that they must above all things be cautious and take no chances. The results we see today.

The spirit of the Navy is as fine as ever. That is shown by the magnificent daring of the destroyers at the Horn Reef, by the splendid dash and skill of the "Broke" and her consort in that brilliant little fight in the

Channel, and by many other episodes in this war. But a chill seems to have settled upon the higher command. There has been a reluctance to run risks and accept responsibility, a strange and novel disposition to play for safety, as if the uncertain game of war could ever be won in that fashion. Have we forgotten that some of our most signal triumphs at sea were gained by commanders who faced desperate hazards: as when Nelson steered his fleet among the Nile sands, and when Hawke "took the foe for pilot and the cannon's glare for light," and threw his ships into the rocks and shoals of Quiberon Bay?

In this war our admirals have shown a different temper. The idea of rushing the Dardanelles by naval force alone was sufficiently foolish; yet we have it on the authority of Enver Pasha himself that the thing could have been done if we had pushed on resolutely and risked the loss of a few more vessels. At the battle of the Falkland Islands Sir Frederick Sturdee was so anxious not to get his ships hurt that he never closed to short range, and spent several hours in disposing of a squadron immeasurably weaker than his own in gun-power and speed. We are satisfied with the highly unsatisfactory battle of Jutland, and acclaim our Commander-in-Chief a master of tactics, though he allowed a far inferior fleet to escape with very little more damage than it inflicted. One wonders what they would have said in the days of Rodney or Duncan if a British admiral with, say, thirty of the line had come upon a French or Dutch fleet of twenty-two and had been content to drive it back to harbor instead of crippling or annihilating it. What they would have said (and done) in the days of Byng we know.

The battle of Jutland was a British

victory, but it was not the kind of victory which would have gratified our forefathers. In the summer of 1805 Sir Robert Calder, with fifteen sail of the line, encountered Villeneuve off Cape Finisterre with twenty-seven. In spite of this disparity of force Calder attacked the enemy; but after fighting an indecisive engagement he broke off the action and allowed the French and Spaniards to escape with the loss of two ships. For this he was recalled, deprived of his command, court-martialed, and reprimanded. It did not occur to anybody to load him with honors and promote him to the highest post at the Admiralty.

Is it too late even now to abandon our supine defensive and make full use of the immense naval superiority of the Allies? We must hope not, though the position is far more difficult than it was three years or two years ago. Yet it seems that the difficulties must be met and the risks taken. We cannot break the U-boat blockade by waiting till some heaven-born American genius invents a patent mechanical antidote to submarines, or by piling up cargo ships at a rather slower rate than the enemy is destroying them. The bold offensive, which might have ended the war long ago if it had been adopted when Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson wished, must be resumed. Rumor suggests that this is the meaning of the latest shifts and changes in the White-

The Saturday Review.

hall general staff. But it is not of much avail to weed out the secondary officials when there is weakness at the top. If Sir Eric Geddes has the firmness and insight with which he is credited he will disembarass himself of his chief professional adviser. Sir John Jellicoe is an amiable and high-minded gentleman, a most distinguished and, within his limits, a very capable naval officer. But he has shown himself too ready to accept the over-cautious program of the politicians. He has been so obsessed by the idea of the Fleet in being that he has missed his opportunities for delivering an effective stroke with his cherished Dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers; he has restrained rather than stimulated the fighting quality of the Navy; he lacks the resolution, the swift energy, the strategic instinct, which the situation demands. In any case, he has been exposed to the strain of supreme direction, on sea or on shore, for three years, and that is more than most men can stand with impunity. He should be invited to take the repose he has earned, and his place should be filled by an officer who has studied the history of maritime war, who possesses vigor as well as judgment, and who is determined that the British Navy shall be guided by the principles and methods which gave us success and security in the past and have never failed us yet when rightly applied.

GERMANY'S ECONOMIC POSITION.

There are two schools of opinion regarding the news which filters through the vigilance of the German censorship. The one accepts every report which presents the internal conditions of the Central Empires in a favorable light, and dismisses as travelers' tales

all evidence that points to a weakening of the enemies' resources as a result of the pressure of our blockade. The other school errs on the side of credulity. It accepts without discrimination every statement which tends to prove that Germany is on the point of economic

collapse: that her population is about to rise in desperation and rend the leaders who have brought it to such a pass. As for Austria, six months after the outbreak of war her condition was held to be moribund. Does the truth lie with either of these conflicting estimates? There is evidence of a sort to support both, but there is nothing to choose between their trustworthiness. Leaving Austria-Hungary out of the picture for the moment, it is as false to assume that Germany is unaffected by the stoppage of the bulk of her supplies as to suppose that her people have been reduced to actual starvation. It is in the loose use of the word "starvation" that the mistake is made. No nation could hold out for a week if it were actually starving. The population of Paris was finally "starved" into submission: as long as there was food of any kind and of sufficient quantity to keep body and soul together the defense could be prolonged. But at what a cost! No estimate can be formed of the after and permanent effects of the wastage of tissue and vitality caused by months of malnutrition. And only one city was involved. If the process is applied to a whole people, to the old and young, the workers upon whom depend the supplies of the sinews of war, the very fighting men in the field of war, the collective effect, moral and physical, may be disastrous both for the present and future generations long before the stage of starvation is reached. A nation cannot go underfed, not for a week or a month, but for an indefinite period, without having to pay a heavy reckoning in the future. A badly nourished body becomes a prey to all the ills that flesh is heir to. Endurance may be protracted to the point of complete prostration without fatal results, but it is likely to be at a cost which years of plenty cannot make good.

Is there, then, reliable information

pointing to a general condition of privation in Germany? We are of the opinion that there is, and especially during the present interval between the two harvests. Certain facts cannot be concealed by the most drastic control of Intelligence Departments, and State regulations for the conservation of food supplies have to be made public. From these sources it can be safely assumed that the enemy is passing through an acute crisis, and that the prospects of the future hold small hope that there will be any material improvement. Rations have been reduced in the case of most of the essential commodities—for instance, the allowance of flour was increased to make good the shortage of potatoes; this in turn has been reduced. The quality of the bread has deteriorated proportionately. That supplied to the workmen of Krupps' is said to be composed of one-quarter adulterated flour and three-quarters turnips. It is described as causing a "painful distension of the stomach." The potato ration has been reduced from five to two, or at most three pounds a week, and the uneven distribution is a cause of much exasperation. Only a "tolerable harvest" is anticipated. The hay crop has been a disappointment, and the drought has affected the pasturage, with a consequence that the lack of feeding stuffs is having the double result of restricting the supplies of milk and butter and of causing immature livestock to be slaughtered. A typical example of the severer rationing may be given by a comparison of the bill of fare fixed for workers in Krupps'—surely a privileged class, if any!—in 1915 and that for 1917:

1915—Early breakfast, 5.45 A.M.; four slices of bread, with butter or fresh lard, cheese or sausage, and coffee. Second breakfast, 8 A.M.: bread and cheese, sandwiches and coffee. Dinner, 12 midday: meat or fish, po-

tatoes and gravy in unlimited quantities. 4 P.M.: coffee. Supper: soup, meat or fish, potatoes, peas, rice or hominy.

April 1917—Breakfast: two slices of dry bread, with coffee. Dinner: turnips cut up and boiled on one day, next day boiled weed, turnip or beet leaves, and a few scraps of potato. Supper: maize soup and a piece of turnip or beet. Bread, 250 grammes per day, but men doing hard manual labor receive 500 grammes of bread a day and are allowed to buy 500 grammes of horseflesh per week. Twice a week the soup is a little more substantial and contains a few peas or hominy and bits of walrus or seal flesh.

These details are not taken from idle gossip, but are from a reliable medium. It is a fair supposition that if Krupps' workers fare so badly, the less essential classes of civilians come off worse. Nor are the soldiers on active service in much more favorable circumstances. Formerly each unit was given a loaf of bread per day: now a two-pound loaf has to serve for three Boches. Tinned meat is a luxury reserved for once a week, and a small ration of fresh meat is a rare event. Food substitutes have multiplied with the growing stringency, and as many of these are harmful, as well as being unsatisfying, the Gov-

The Outlook.

ernment has made vain attempts to suppress them, under heavy penalties.

We have given these few facts merely as an indication of the present economic conditions in Germany. They could be extended to fill pages, and we see no reason to doubt the authority upon which they have been accepted. The situation in Austria is certainly as bad, and probably is much more acute. To the shortage of supplies may be added the congestion of the railways and the deterioration of the rolling stock, difficulties which will become accentuated when the water traffic is suspended by the frost. The question as to how long these privations can be endured is not one which we are prepared to answer. Such a calculation could be only conjectural. The purpose of this article is to advocate a sane mean between the view that the Central Empires are suffering no detriment from the Allies' command of the seas and the view that the German peoples are reduced to their last gasp. Starvation may be no more likely to end the war than sea-power, but the prospect of another banyan winter may go far to bring the enemy to a reasonable appreciation of his true position.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In a little pocket booklet, bound in khaki-colored paper, the Houghton Mifflin Company publish a collection of hymns and prayers and Bible readings for the use of the army and navy. The selections are well chosen, and it is to be hoped that the little booklet may find a place in many a soldier's and sailor's "kit."

In a small volume called "The Christian Ministry and Social Problems" (The Macmillan Co.) Bishop Charles D. Williams of Michigan

discusses the relations of the churches and their ministers to the practical, every-day questions of social justice, economic and industrial reform, and social readjustment and reconstruction. He writes with vigor and a commendable plainness of speech, calculated to arouse both ministers and laymen to a keener sense of the present-day obligations and opportunities of Christian believers.

Edward Earle Purinton's "Pétain the Prepared" (Fleming H. Revell

Co.), to which Major Gen. Leonard Wood contributes a prefatory note of appreciation, is a brief study of the character and career of the great French General, the hero of Verdun, and the commander-in-chief of the French armies, written with a view to emphasizing and illustrating the great lesson of individual preparedness for all the duties and crises of life. It is a lesson well worth learning, alike in peace and war, and it is enforced in this little book with an arresting earnestness.

A compact, comprehensive and detailed description of "Trench Warfare" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) furnishes precisely the information most needed by American expeditionary troops on their way to France. It is written by J. S. Smith, Second Lieutenant with the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders—an American who has seen thirty-one months of actual service in trench warfare, and is now with the British force on the French front. It describes every detail of trench construction and trench fighting, and the cuts and diagrams with which it is illustrated make it an invaluable manual alike for officers and men.

That the wives of the last generation were, practically, murdered by excessive child-bearing, and that the husbands of this generation are practically murdered in the struggle for money to meet the demands of childless, restless women, "driven by sex idleness to self-destruction," is the double thesis maintained by the anonymous author of "The Empty House." The book will not be to the taste of readers who feel that when spades are to be called spades, it can be done more satisfactorily by a physician than by a novelist. But it is fluently written, and the chapters describing the financial ups and downs of the

heroine's husband are fairly good as straight fiction. The Macmillan Co.

It is a long, long way from the country wagon and stage coach, as means of mail delivery, to the railroad and aeroplane, but in his volume on "The United States Post Office" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) Daniel C. Roper, First Assistant Postmaster General, 1913-1916, traverses the interval, and describes, with an expert's knowledge, and in a manner delightfully clear and intensely absorbing, every step in the progress made, and every detail in the postal service, as at present conducted. The opening chapters emphasize the connection between the postal service and civilization, and review the history of that service in the colonial days, through its early development after the Revolution, up to the first modern postal legislation in 1845, and the introduction of postage stamps in 1847. The body of the book is devoted to a graphic account of present-day methods and improvements,—especially the extension of rural free delivery, the institution of postal savings banks, and the rapid growth of the parcel post. The final chapter will appeal especially to philatelists. Twenty or more full-page illustrations from photographs decorate the book.

A succession of unpleasant experiences has led the novel-reader of fastidious taste to look askance at the "studies of adolescence" so popular with publishers, and his worst fears will be realized if he has the ill luck to take up "Young Low." The author, George A. Dorsey, describes in the first person, the erotic development of an Ohio boy, born on the Pike; brought up on a farm; educated at a small college; trading with Indians; teaching in an Ohio Academy; taking a post-graduate course at Harvard; accom-

panying a Natural History expedition to South America; and traveling for two years as a private tutor in France, Italy and Egypt. By untiring efforts of his own, the hero is able to counteract the impression made on his young mind by the narrowness of his parents, pastors and college professors, and he begins his career as a traveling man by taking to himself a mistress with easy nonchalance; at the Academy he is irresistibly impelled to kiss a student behind a door, and to "grab" a pretty teacher "like a wild beast"; in Lima, after a chapter or two of argument *pro* and *con*, he agrees with a purveyor of young girls to send one to his hotel, and is then so affected by the child's naked innocence that he returns her to her mother; at Harvard he falls in love with a neglected wife, and later, becomes her paramour while tutoring her children, who admire him prodigiously. But for a few good descriptive passages, the book is without a redeeming feature. George H. Doran Co.

L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," etc. adds to this popular and wholesome series "Anne's House of Dreams," in which are described the opening years of Anne's happy married life. Her young doctor—an old acquaintance to readers of the earlier books—carries her only sixty miles from Green Gables, to Four Winds, where he has found for them a quaint little white house, looking toward the sunset and the great blue harbor, with a big grove of fir-trees behind it, and two rows of Lombardy poplars down the lane. There they make a group of new friends: Captain Jim, the lighthouse keeper, whose cheery philosophy divides the honors with the tart cynicism of Miss Cornelia, the man-hating spinster; Marshall Elliott, vowed not to

shave his beard nor cut his hair till the Liberals come into power; and beautiful Leslie Moore, tragically unhappy, who is the real heroine of the plot. The Prince Edward Island scenery is described with the enthusiasm of one who loves it. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"The joyful years are those when you are finding yourselves, children," says the middle-aged novelist who plays the part first of lover and then of fairy godfather in F. T. Wawn's story, "The Joyful Years." Its charming heroine, Cynthia Bremner, is introduced with three lovers, Shaun James, the novelist, who is forming her taste for books and pictures; Laurence Man, who holds a substantial position with the Great Company, and is favored by Lady Bremner, and Peter Middleton, a young clerk in the Company, whose only claim to the Bremner's hospitality is a school friendship between his dead father, Major Middleton, and Sir Everard. The book is essentially a love-story, but Peter's ups and downs in the offices of the Company give variety, and in the closing chapters the scene changes to the battlefields of France. The plot is unfolded in leisurely fashion, with the introduction of many minor characters—among them a suffragette with whom Cynthia's brother is in love—and with fascinating descriptions of Cornwall and Wales, and whimsical philosophizing on life and art. Perhaps it might have been shortened to advantage, but the human interest is kept well in the foreground, and the digressions are all delightful. Altogether, the story is of unusual quality, and even the doubts and hesitations of its principal characters will be refreshing to readers who have had a surfeit of heroes and heroines absolutely without moral fastidiousness. E. P. Dutton & Co.